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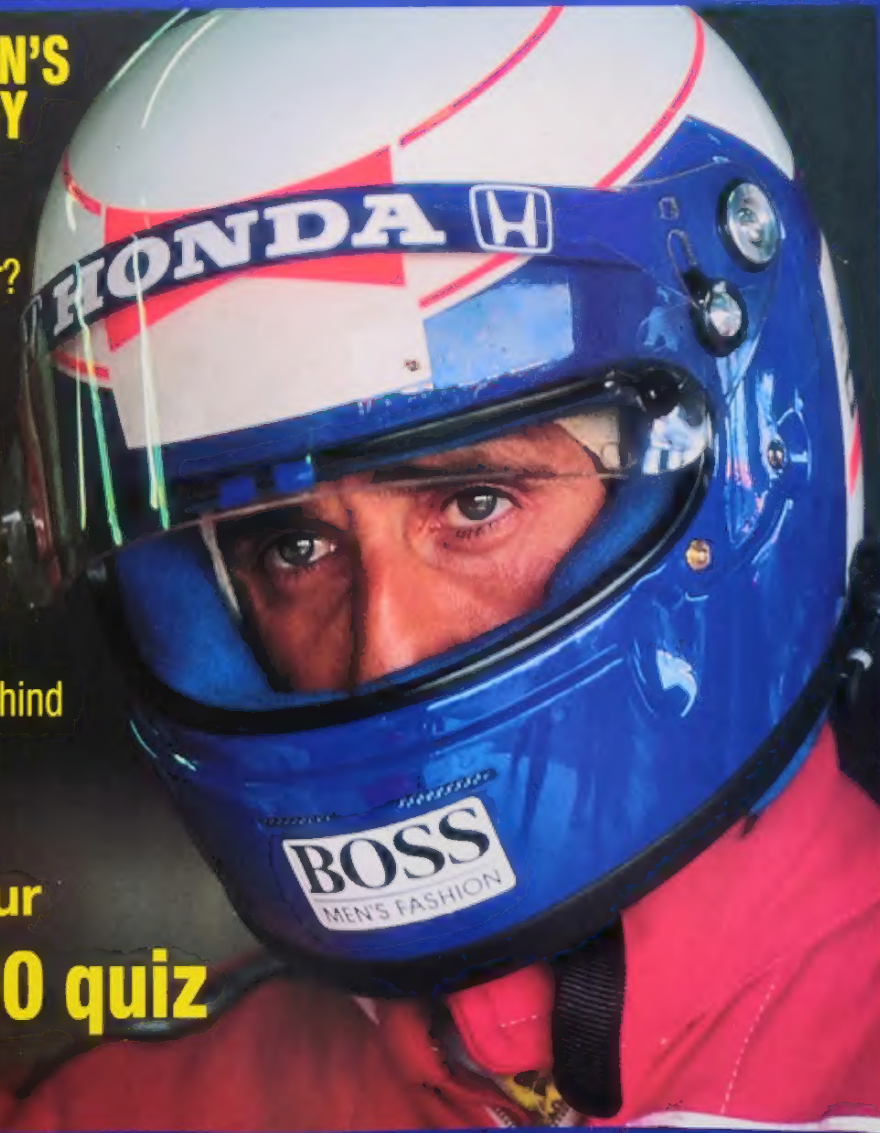
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Front cover: Keith Sutton captures the mood of Alain Prost, a driver with a great deal on his mind.

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A Passion for Performance.



(John Townsend)

This issue of our magazine concentrates on a motor racing phenomenon: McLaren, or, as their press release paper styles the team, Honda Marlboro McLaren — an alliance to strike fear into the stoutest opposition. No apologies for this emphasis: we seek to examine the historical origins of Honda's presence in Formula 1, and give readers a fresh look at the man whose name is now legend — Bruce McLaren. At the same time as analysing the recent dominance enjoyed by the team, due attention is paid to the current unease at its heart, which can be summed up in two words: Senna and Prost.

But before turning to the McLaren machine, the time is right to acknowledge another major force in Grand Prix racing today. If McLaren are the Liverpool of Formula 1, Ferrari are surely the Manchester United of the sport. The one admired, revered even, by those who know the game, but kept at arm's length, never taken to the people's hearts: a machine made to accumulate points with ruthless efficiency. The accuracy of that perception can be destroyed by anyone who knows either Liverpool or McLaren well, but so it stands. Manchester United, like Ferrari, have not won their own Championship for many years; both teams have been through major upheavals among their top management, with a bewildering change of personnel; yet both command worldwide loyalty from an army of adoring followers. There is just something about those red shirts, those red cars...

And in Hungary, of all places, Nigel Mansell picked his moment to put Ferrari on top of the heap again. All weekend long he had exuded confidence, but the reflex manoeuvre by which he overtook Senna's McLaren and raced away to the second victory

POLE POSITION

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

of his Ferrari career will surely go down as the single most thrilling instant of the 1989 season. Mansell is a man much changed since his move to Maranello: if the driving style remains the same — all action, aggression, a form of controlled and channelled anger at the wheel of a Grand Prix car — the same cannot be said of the man outside a cockpit.

Against all the odds, it seems, Mansell — one of England's archetypes — has picked his way skilfully through the political minefield of Maranello as easily as he dismisses traffic on a racing circuit. Oil and water had been the forecast: not only has Mansell mixed in well with his new surroundings, he is mixing it as well as ever on the track, an obviously happier and wiser man than we have seen for many years. There were some, there still are, who had misgivings about the combination of Mansell and the legendary number 27, seen as the property of the great Gilles Villeneuve — and a book reviewed here brings out the full meaning of a motor racing legend. Mansell seems well on the way to writing his own chapter in the remarkable history of a remark-

able team. The next issue of *Prix Editions International* will look more closely at Mansell's transformation, but it is a pleasure to acknowledge and record the pleasure his drive on the Hungaroring afforded all who saw it.

To matters McLaren, however... Why has Prost decided to leave? Is there now no way back, after his planned year out of the red-and-white cars in 1990? Just what makes Ayrton Senna the phenomenon he is — and can his single-mindedness go on much longer? Is McLaren simply — simply! — a well-oiled, well-run business enterprise, or is there somewhere in the team a heart that beats to the rhythm of motor racing at its finest? All these questions and many more are addressed by PEI's team of top-class writers. But whatever answers they come up with, in the afterglow of the Hungarian Grand Prix there was little doubt that Mansell was the mightiest Red of them all.

STUART SYKES
EDITOR

Stuart Sykes

Time will tell...

(Dominique Leroy)



Keeping Track

Austrian Gerhard Berger has signed a contract to drive for Marlboro McLaren Honda for at least two years. The announcement came only six days after Alain Prost said he would not return to McLaren in 1990.

"Berger's presence will reflect our strategy of having two drivers capable of winning the World Championship," McLaren director Ron Dennis said. "McLaren and Honda will continue with the policy of providing both our drivers with equal equipment and technical support."



Dining at the rich man's table: Gerhard Berger (left) is to join McLaren. (LH)

The USF&G Arrows Formula One team unveiled its new 38,000 square foot factory on the Wednesday before the British Grand Prix. Located in Milton Keynes, the new factory is next door to the old factory. The team plans to move in by the end of the year. The old factory will hold a 40 percent wind tunnel which should be built in 1991.

USF&G, the American finance company, helped pay for the construction of the new factory and will sponsor the team again next season.

Jackie Oliver formed Arrows eleven years ago when he and others left the Shadow Formula One team. Nine of the original members are still working

at Arrows: Oliver, Alan Rees, Evan Chance, Doug Simpson, Alan Harrison, David Davies, Grant Warwick, Pete Kerr and Rosemary Wright. Parked outside the new factory was an interesting display of each Arrows Grand Prix car from the A1 through the A11.

News about the Moneytron Onyx Ford team...Jean-Pierre van Rossem (the Belgian millionaire who holds 2,499,000 shares out of a total of 2,500,000 in the Moneytron company) has said that his team hopes to secure both a top driver and a contract for Porsche engines. This means that either Stefan Johansson or Bertrand Gachot will be forced to leave the team in 1990. It has been decided that which ever driver obtains the best result at the finish line will remain with Onyx in 1990.

On the financial side, the team's agenda is to: 1) Build a 40 percent wind tunnel which other teams can rent time in. 2) Begin construction of the team's own composite department. From 1991 they will be able to make carbon fibre spares for other teams. 3) The team's financial resources will be managed by the Moneytron system which should bring them a basic annual income of about US\$10 million.

General manager Mike Earle and chief engineer Alan Jenkins will make all sporting decisions concerning the team. The team's new principal stockholder van Rossem will only become involved with decisions that have far-reaching financial consequences.

Onyx plans to hire a full-time test driver for 1990. Eric van der Poele and Harald Huysmans are the prime candidates.

HOCKENHEIM, West Germany — A major change in the management structure of Team Lotus International has resulted in two directors — Fred Bushell and Peter E. Warr — leaving the company.

"At an extraordinary meeting of shareholders of Team Lotus International," a press release stated, "it was agreed with regret to accede to Mr. Bushell's request for release from his duties until such time as his current legal problems have been resolved." Bushell has been charged in a London court with trying, along with John DeLorean and the late Colin Chapman, to defraud the DeLorean company of about \$5.5 million.



New man at Lotus helm: Tony Rudd. (LH)

As of July 24, 1989, Anthony Rudd, the group technical director and deputy chairman of Lotus Engineering, has acted as the executive chairman of Team Lotus International. Peter Warr has resigned from his position as race team director. With

the exception of a five-year period spent with the Wolf and Fittipaldi Formula One teams, Warr had been with Lotus since 1953. Rudd joined Lotus in 1969 after nearly 20 years with the BRM Formula One team.

RJ Reynolds, which backs Lotus with its Camel cigarette brand, has stated that the changes at Lotus are a team matter and will affect the sponsorship this season.

As for rumours that the Lotus race team will be sold, a source close to the team said that there is nothing to indicate that this will happen.

Michele Alboreto has signed to drive for the Larrousse Lola Lamborghini team. Alboreto and Tyrrell had split over a contract dispute. Originally, this was supposed to have been because Ken Tyrrell signed a deal with Camel cigarettes to sponsor his cars while Alboreto had personal sponsorship from Marlboro. Another story was that Tyrrell became upset when he heard that Alboreto had been trying to obtain the Benetton seat left open by Johnny Herbert. Whatever the reason, the end result was that Alboreto joined Lola (a Camel sponsored team), and he now has to pre-qualify.



New colours: Michele Alboreto (right) with Larrousse's Gerard Ducarouge. (LH)

Designer John Barnard is talking with Benetton Ford about forming an association with the team. Ford racing boss Michael Kranefuss has been a longtime friend of Barnard and would like to see him in the team. But Kranefuss said in Budapest that the decision lies with Benetton. Current Benetton designer Rory Byrne would remain.

"This would not change the set-up of Benetton," Kranefuss said. "Byrne and Barnard would not be a shabby team!" Just how Barnard would work with the team has yet to be decided.

He would probably set up a separate design headquarters similar to his "GTO" studio from which he penned the Ferraris.

Kranefuss and Benetton team director Peter Collins have not always agreed on how the team should be run. Kranefuss said that there had been "communication problems", but added that he would work with Collins or whom ever Benetton named as team manager.



Something in the air: Messrs Kranefuss (left) and Barnard. (LH)

Yamaha will once again supply the Zakspeed team with engines in 1990. West Zakspeed drivers Aguri Suzuki of Japan and Bernd Schneider of Germany have failed to qualify for a single Grand Prix this season.

Yamaha's Formula One Racing Engine Manager M. Gotoh said: "1989 so far has not produced the results expected. However, building the foundation for any successful team is not easy. It often requires a lot of time and patience as well as hard work. The information and experience gained in the first Grands Prix this year has been very important. There is now a solid foundation upon which we can continue building."

Schneider will drive for Zakspeed next year. It is not certain if Suzuki or sponsor West will return.

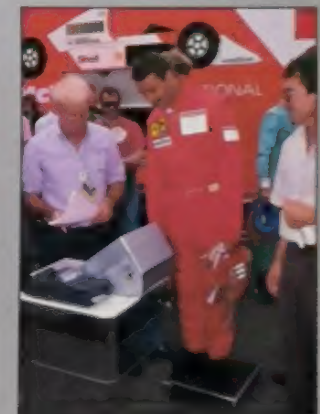


Hearing good news: Johnny Herbert has a Tyrrell drive. (LH)

Tyrrell has signed Frenchman Jean Alesi to a two year contract. Alesi, a rookie, will continue to compete in F4000 in 1989. When that series conflicts with Grand Prix dates, Tyrrell have signed Benetton's Johnny Herbert as replacement. The three Grands Prix that Alesi is likely to miss this year are Belgium, Portugal and Japan.

The drivers all weighed in at Hockenheim, the first Grand Prix in the second half of the season.

When the drivers were weighed at the start of the season in Brazil, Mauricio Gugelmin was the heaviest at 80 kilos. The lightest drivers were Roberto Moreno and Satoru Nakajima who each weighed 59 kilos. All weights include the driver's racing suit and helmet.



Manuel Reuter the quickest this way in Hungary. (LH)

In Hockenheim the heaviest Grand Prix drivers turned out to be Derek Warwick, Eddie Cheever, Jonathan Palmer and Bertrand Gachot who weighed 79 kilos each. The lightest drivers were once again Nakajima and Moreno who now weigh 58 kilos each.

Gregor Foitek debuted the new Euro-Brun ER189 in Germany. The car completed only four laps in the pre-qualifying session before suffering suspension failure.



THE MAURICE HAMILTON COLUMN

checking the inattentiveness of our driver and the fact that there are no other cars around. I suddenly realise what is going on.

As I open my mouth to issue a warning — bang! — on come the Opel's brake lights. "ALAN! Look out..."

Instantly recalling everything he knows about dealing with a speed wobble at 40 mph, Henry springs into demoniac action while cursing the Opel driver with phrases which, I must admit, I've never seen in The Guardian.

After much sawing at the wheel, our car eventually wanders onto the hard shoulder and draws alongside the Opel. Rosberg is hysterical. So is Henry — but for a different reason. He had just seen his past flash before him, and it was not a pretty picture: all those motor racing books and not a single Nobel Literature Prize in sight.

Vaguely recognising the Opel driver, Henry composes himself quickly and

floors the throttle. The speed rises to all of 45 mph as we pull back onto the motorway — with Rosberg, still alongside, showing no sign of giving way.

We collide. Rosberg is clearly not ready for such unexpected aggression and gives Her Majesty's Press right of access. His offside door is badly dented. I wind down the one window which works and a quick inspection reveals one or two scratch marks which will not polish out. How are we going to explain this to Mr. Ireland, never mind the owner of the car?

Of course, we should have known what the reaction might have been. Innes listened with mounting enthusiasm as the story unfolded. "What!" he exclaimed, as the conclusion was reached. "You mean you didn't have the bugger off the road? Damned sure I would. Don't know what's wrong with you young fellas these days."

That was the cue for Innes to begin recounting tales about hire cars from his racing past.

"Remember coming out of the Roskilde circuit, or somewhere in Sweden," he said. "The traffic was really bad; two lanes, absolutely solid. I was sitting there in a VW Beetle hire car and Masten Gregory — I forget who he was driving for at the time — draws alongside.

'Got your Dollar-a-day Insurance on this car, Innes?' he shouts. I give him the thumbs up and say that I have. So he puts his car in reverse, backs across his side of the road — and then takes a charge and completely T-bones me! Stoved in the whole bloody side of my car. Couldn't believe it! The other motorists must have wondered what the hell was going on..."

You could say the same for the locals unfortunate enough to be on their way to the Hungaroring the following morning. On reflection, the first mistake we made was to point out to Ireland — now back at the wheel and ready to show us how to deal with any miscreant racing driver — that Ron Dennis had pulled up alongside us at traffic lights. The second mistake was to suggest that we had no chance against Ron's Honda Prelude. The lights turned green and Ron motored gently away. We followed, our machine all revs, rattles and vibrations as the equipment did its best to keep up with the demands of its former Grand Prix driver. After a while we reached 30 mph and, having got there, Ireland showed no intention

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of wanting to lose his hard-earned momentum. At the next set of lights, we swept up the empty inside lane reserved for motorists turning right. Except we weren't planning to turn right.

Just as we reached the point where things might have begun to get interesting, the lights turned green. Perfect timing. We were in front. But not for long.

Ahead lay a large, open-plan square, around which the cobbled road followed a fairly haphazard course. They held a round of the European Touring Car Championship here in 1964, Mini-Coopers and Lotus Cortinas doing battle with Alfa Romeo for three hours. The unofficial version in 1989 took just a couple of minutes.

As Ireland hurried us into the square, Dennis took what could best be described as an unconventional line across the middle. By the time our man realised he had been outfoxed, he was too busy disentangling himself from a knot of startled Trabant and Skoda drivers as they went about their Sunday morning business. In the middle of all this was a Lada filled with bemused McLaren men, Gordon Murray, Neil Oatley and Steve Nichols. They wisely chose to avoid further confrontation.

Not so the driver of a large blue Volvo 760 which loomed from nowhere. Having watched the antics of our car, Martin Brundle had surmised it must have been a Grand Prix driver at the wheel. But he couldn't figure out who would have chosen to drive a car like ours. As Ireland reached the dizzy heights of 55 mph on the motorway, a considerable speed when compared with the rest of the traffic, he used every inch of the road, each gap being judged to the single coat of our paintwork.

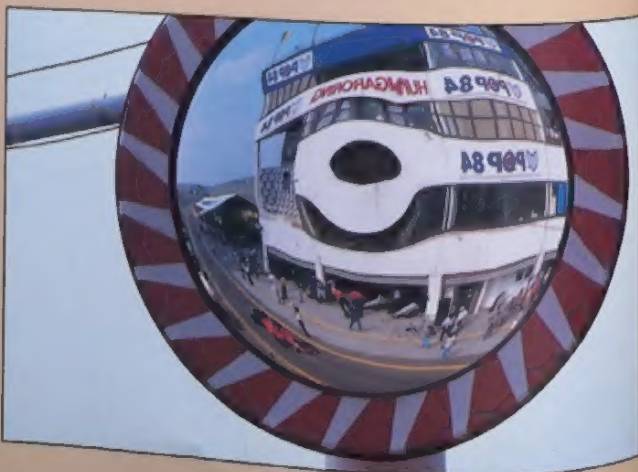
Brundle, probably with one hand on the wheel and the other adjusting the stereo, followed and then swept past when the road cleared briefly, his curiosity now satisfied when he saw the composed features of Ireland at work. Of course, we wished Martin would go away since his presence merely goaded our driver into turning up the metaphorical boost. That journey to the Hungaroring went faster than any I had known before. Doubtless you could argue that Grand Prix drivers should set an example on the roads, but I did not see a single move which was even remotely hazardous. Besides, had I been an enthusiast on my way to the race, I would have been deeply disappointed to see one of my heroes motoring gently along with a copy of the



Top: Making the punts see red Mr Rosberg

(Above) Ireland
Right: Martin Brundle getting into his Bratman or preparing to do battle with the press corps car?

(Below) Even when they got there, the place seemed the wrong way round...



Hungarian Highway Code on the dashboard.

When the subject of Grand Prix drivers on the road comes up, I always think of Chris Amon talking about a lurid drive from Como to Monza with Clay Regazzoni. Clay was at the wheel of his Ferrari Daytona, a potent combination if ever there was one. When they reached the Italian border, the queue of traffic stretched a fair distance. Unperturbed by all of this, Clay went down the inside. Flat-out. Amon reckons they were doing well over 130 mph. When he reached the border itself, Clay slowed momentarily, shouted "Regazzoni!...Monza!", floored the throttle and blasted through with the full approval of the delirious officials. My admiration for Clay went up even further after hearing that, I mean, can you imagine him sitting meekly in queue? In a red Daytona? There was about as much chance of that as there is of seeing Ron Dennis on a Number 9 bus.

Doubtless this will provoke angry letters from the AA, the RAC, the IAM and the FIA. But, the rights and wrongs of Formula One highway behaviour aside, the one refreshing aspect of our journeys in Hungary was that people were having, whisper it, fun! Of course, once we reached the circuit, the serious mask of professionalism dropped into place.

And, when you think about it these days, there are a considerable number of people who rub shoulders in the paddock without actually speaking to one another.

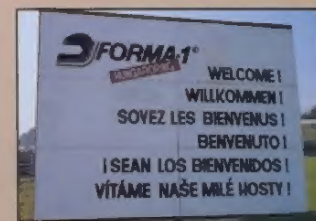
Take Hungary as an example. The team management at Benetton had fallen out with the man from Ford; the man from Ford was wandering around as if he was about to throw himself under a bus; Alboreto was still simmering over his disagreement with Tyrrell; Prost and Senna were scarcely cracking jokes together; Mansell was castigating Alesi; Berger was feeling hard done by at Ferrari; the public relations people were frustrated by FISA's petty rules over what they could and could not hand out in the press room; the race organisers were angry because they felt the hoteliers were making large profits from the Grand Prix and not sharing the money around.

I had to agree with the latter. Two hundred dollars a night in the Forum hotel was excessive, even by their lofty standards and the general cost of living in Budapest. Our taxi to the airport on Monday morning cost a mere £4.50 for a 15-mile drive. At a million miles an hour.

Yes, we abandoned all hire cars and opted for a gentle ride in a cab. Unfortunately, we chose Hungary's answer to Andrea de Cesaris. We slipstreamed other motorists. He even

tried to take a tow from parked cars. I felt like saying this was no way for a taxi driver to behave. Then I remembered the previous few days...□

Above: Street fighter. Regazzoni's days with Ferrari were good training for trials ahead.
Below: Budapest basks in the sun — but the peace was about to be severely disturbed!
Bottom: Everybody's welcome — especially if they can afford \$200 a night.





At least Ayrton Senna knew the answer to the question "When would his run of bad luck subside?" Point of fact, it ended just about lap 43 of the German Grand Prix, about the same time that Alain Prost's run of good fortune was put on hold.

Yet again, a Grand Prix was a two-horse affair between the two McLaren drivers, but this was one of their best ever confrontations, like Ricard in '88. And for 43 of the 45 laps it looked all set to go down to the wire.

This time, it was Senna who'd had all the qualifying grief, as Prost had had at Silverstone, and race fortunes would be reversed, too. Ayrton's weekend had begun badly enough, with a big, big spin into the stadium that eventually put his MP4/5 backwards into the Armco. Predictably, it didn't stop him annexing his umpteenth pole position, but all through qualifying Prost was lurking close enough to be a threat.

Senna led at the end of the first lap, having disposed of Gerhard Berger. His 1990 McLaren teammate had rocketed off the line, but by the first chicane Ayrton was in front and Prost soon followed suit. That in itself was inte-

resting. It was an indication that the Frenchman was hooked up, and lap after lap he made it clear that Senna had a fight on his hands.

As the two came up for their scheduled tyre stops, it was Prost who came in first, at the end of lap 17. He said he had a clutch problem; Dennis was adamant he took his foot off the brake pedal. Whatever, he lost a little time but rejoined fourth just as second placed Mansell pitted. Senna came in on lap 19 and lost a fraction more time when the right rear wheel had to be double checked, so Prost ended up nursing a four second lead by lap 22, the halfway stage. The battle was thus set, but right at the end the climax was spoiled. Senna had whittled Prost's advantage to 0.98s at the end of lap 42. Alain maintaining just enough of a gap and fully aware from his own pursuit of Ayrton that aerodynamic turbulence is a nasty phenomenon. He had, he felt, just enough in hand. Until a part of his gear selection linkage fell out and prevented him engaging sixth.

At Silverstone Ayrton had the transmission problem; in Hockenheim it was his turn. And it ruined the race.

For the Brazilian, it was a joyous triumph, and deserved, since he'd driven hard throughout. But even that satisfaction was taken from him later when the news was broken that Armando Botelho Teixeira had succumbed to liver cancer back home in Brazil. Armando had been his close friend and mentor — Senna's intimates described him as a godfather figure — and ran his business affairs outside contractual negotiations, which Ayrton always handles himself. The enormity of the personal blow he felt can be imagined.

If Senna was thus a figure deserving much sympathy in Germany, Prost did not appear to merit much popularity from Ron Dennis or Frank Williams.

Nobody was saying much, but the way Dennis was unequivocally hard on his driver's comments about the quality of Honda engine management chips, and would later point out Prost's error during his pit stop, suggested that his offer from the Frenchman to return chez McLaren at the end of 1990 had been rejected.

Likewise Frank, all too keen to solicit press advice on Prost during Silverstone testing, had become monosyllabic on the subject, until

he elected to tell the Italians that he believed he was lost to Ferrari. Incredible isn't the word to describe them.

Would Prost really go to Ferrari? It was one of the weekend's key questions, and a damn good one. In interviews prior to the British Grand Prix he had made it clear he wants to race again next year, after a spell of considering a season's sabbatical, and at Hockenheim he admitted he is "99% certain" to be racing. Benetton was known to have made a pitch, but if Prost had turned down Williams, the Whitney team would be an unlikely substitute even if, as was also suggested, Mike Krane-fuss had engineered a liaison with John Barnard on the design front. Nigel Mansell has proved how well a racer can settle in at Maranello, and while Hockenheim confirmed exactly what he had expected, he refused to be daunted. He and the entire Ferrari team had gone there expecting to suffer at Honda's hands, and as Mansell said, "it's the one circuit all year that really gives the McLarens the full advantage with four chicanes followed by straights." The Ferraris might have similar top-end power, as Silverstone suggested, but low down it's no contest, and that's where the prancing horses were stumbling.

Mansell was lucky to have avoided involvement in the mighty moment Berger had at the Ostkurve chicane on lap 14. Since his lightning start, the Austrian had straight-lined every chicane with the abandon of a man who knows he won't have to foot the wheel rim bill. The price to him, however, could have been high. As the battered left rear gradually leaked out its Goodyear's air, the rubber overheated. Going into the chicane that lap it cried enough. Mansell had been on the receiving end of such a failure in Adelaide three years before, and was grateful that the road turned right as Berger's F1/89 speared straight on since it gave him a chance to escape contact. The kerb launched it, the ground removed its nose and the opposite side of the road welcomed it in from its crazy flight. Berger was out, but Mansell survived intact for third and looked ahead to Hungary.

All weekend Benetton wore that shroud of speculation that Krane-fuss, having gotten rid of Johnny

Herbert, was moving more things behind the scenes to introduce Barnard.

Nevertheless, after all the hoopla of recent months, the B189s went very well in Germany, posing the strongest threat to Ferrari. Sandro

Nannini was quick enough between cigarette sessions to qualify seventh, Pirro ninth. And Sandro was the fastest man on the race track, only to retire on his seventh lap when the ignition sensor on the crankshaft malfunctioned.



Pit stops — like Senna's — proved crucial



Ferrari on the wrong road: Mansell spins, Berger tumbles



Prost's pit stop: whose fault?

Pirro, meanwhile, had survived a clash with Thierry Boutsen's disappointing Williams Renault. The Belgian was again blown off by team-mate Pairese, had been passed by the fleet Pirro, and, in the latter's estimation, made a rash attempt to put the younger driver in his place. The result was a fast backward trip into a chicane wall for the Williams driver. Boutsen himself was adamant Pirro had made a beginner's error. Second during the pit stops. Emanuele was a sound fourth when he got it wrong going into the stadium on lap 27, clouting the polystyrene blocks and temporarily raising alarm as he failed to climb out immediately. He was okay later, bar a few cuts and scratches, but Kranefuss wisely nodded that he'd expected an off since the morning warm-up. Should somebody suggest Herbert be reactivated, or should Ford's director of Special Vehicle Operations allow his charges a little longer to make their mark? If fourth place is good, Williams had a good day, with Riccardo bringing his FW12C home in that position after an uneventful run that simply said Renault doesn't have Ferrari power (or chassis efficiency), let alone Honda power, and that Williams' new FW13 is now long overdue. In fifth, however, Lotus had more reason to look cheerful.

Prior to Silverstone Camel's W. Duncan Lee had had a little pep talk with Piquet — the word is he had threatened to rest him for Hockenheim if he didn't extract his digit — and once again the Brazilian looked as if he might be worth at least a portion of his hefty salary wedge.

Lotus was operating under the watchful eye of former BRM designer Tony Rudd and the direction of Rupert Manwaring after Fred Bushell and Peter Warr had been thrown out in the previous week, and once again Frank Dernie's 101 looked a good bet on a fast circuit where its aerodynamic properties could be exploited. Lest one get too carried away with Piquet's fifth, however, it should be noted that Satoru Nakajima drove his journeyman heart out to climb from 16 to sixth before a clash with Derek Warwick took him out on lap 37.

For the Englishman, it was a return to the points for the first time since San Marino, and Arrows' initial

promise from Rio now seems an awful long way away. Eddie Cheever, however, collected 10th fastest lap in a determined climb from 25th qualifying slot, only to stop three laps from home when his A11 refused to pick up all its fuel. Once upon a time, March and Brabham looked promising, too, but the former in particular has gone off the boil. The atmosphere in the Leyton House camp is markedly different to the cheerfulness of 1988 as the realities of Formula One take their toll. And it was difficult to recognise it as the team which so nearly beat McLaren at Estoril last year.

Again, Gugelmin outqualified an unhappy Capelli, and the Brazilian had climbed to fifth, and just been repassed by Piquet after the latter's tyre stop, when his CG891 jammed in fifth. Capelli, after a slow start, had hauled up to 13th from 22nd on the grid, only to suffer electronic failure on lap 33.

Brabham had at least found some straightline speed after Paul Ricardo, but still lacked horsepower, although Lotus showed what a Judd CV user could achieve. Stefano Modena succumbed to engine failure after running in close company with team-mate Martin Brundle all afternoon, but the Briton at least managed to salvage eighth behind an unspectacular Andrea de Cesaris. Considering he had been laid low by food poisoning on Friday night, Brundle's was a gritty performance, made all the better by the need to fend off Pier-Luigi Martini's persistent attacks in the only SCM Minardi to qualify. The little Italian once again proved that he simply doesn't know when to quit.

Gritty, too, was Jonathan Palmer's

endurance of a fuel leak which burned his back in the Camel Tyrrell, before throttle cable failure gave him merciful release, but once again the superior speed of team-mate Jean Alesi raised doubts about JP's Formula One future. Alesi subsequently spun twice when a long brake pedal caught him out, but he had qualified an excellent tenth and run sixth before his first error.

The most remarkable aspect of Ligier's weekend was not that Olivier Grouillard qualified tenth (one has come to expect him to show well), nor that he retired at the start with input shaft failure, but that Rene Arnoux was politeness personified as he moved right over for both McLarens on two occasions en route to a lowly eleventh. After Monaco, that was quite something.

And the pre-qualifiers? As expected, Bertrand Gachot wiped up in the Friday morning session, from team-mate Johansson, but the two Larrousse Lolas left it uncomfortably late and just squeezed in third and fourth, Alboreto by a thousandth of a second from his car's frustrated previous incumbent, Yannick Dalmas in the AGS.

Gachot bent his car and failed to qualify, while Johansson had a race recurrence of the rear wheel bearing seal nemesis. The Lolas fared no better, with Alliot tapped into a spin at the start and then retiring ablaze when an oil line broke, and Michele suffering electrical trouble on his second lap. Such, then, were the tribulations of Hockenheim, that notorious car breaker. Even McLaren had its problems, but the worrying thing for its breathless rivals is that it still finished first. And second. □

Not as bad as it looks: Pirro's accident left him relatively unscathed



(Albert Veldman)

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Hockenheimring

31st July 1989

Circuit Length: 4.223 miles/6.797 km

Laps: 45

Drivers' World Championship

Pos	Driver	Total
1	Alain Prost	53
2	Ayrton Senna	36
3	Nigel Mansell	25
4	Riccardo Patrese	25
5	Thierry Boutsen	13
6	Alessandro Nannini	12
7	Michele Alboreto	5
8	Johnny Herbert	5
9	Derek Warwick	5
10	Alex Caffi	4
11	Eddie Cheever	4
12	Andrea De Cesaris	4
13	Stefano Modena	4
14	Jean Alesi	3
15	Christian Danner	3
16	Jonathan Palmer	1
17	Luis Sala	1
18	Gabriele Tarquini	1

Constructors' World Championship

Pos	Team	Total
1	McLaren	89
2	Williams	38
3	Ferrari	25
4	Tyrrell	10
5	Arrows	9
6	Dallara	8
7	Lotus	8
8	Brabham	5
9	Minardi	4
10	Rial	3
11	Onyx	2
12	AGS	1

Official Starting Grid

Ayrton Senna McLaren-Honda	1.42.300	1	Alain Prost McLaren-Honda	1.43.285	2
Nigel Mansell Ferrari	1.44.020	27	Gerhard Berger Ferrari	1.44.467	28
Riccardo Patrese Williams-Renault	1.44.511	6	Thierry Boutsen Williams-Renault	1.44.702	5
Alessandro Nannini Benetton-Ford	1.45.033	19	Nelson Piquet Lotus-Judd	1.45.476	11
Emanuele Pirro Benetton-Ford	1.45.845	20	Jean Alesi Tyrrell-DFR	1.47.216	4
Olivier Grouillard Ligier-DFR	1.46.893	26	Martin Brundle Brabham-Judd	1.47.387	7
Pierluigi Martini Minardi-DFR	1.47.380	23	Mauricio Gugelmin Leyton House-Judd	1.47.511	15
Philippe Alliot Lola-Lamborghini	1.47.486	30	Stefano Modena Brabham-Judd	1.47.663	8
Derek Warwick Arrows-DFR	1.47.533	9	Satoru Nakajima Lotus-Judd	1.47.679	12
Jonathan Palmer Tyrrell-DFR	1.47.676	3	Alex Caffi Dallara-DFR	1.48.076	21
Andrea De Cesaris Dallara-DFR	1.47.879	22	Ivan Capelli Leyton House-Judd	1.48.45	16
Rene Arnoux Ligier-DFR	1.48.266	25	Stefan Johansson Onyx-DFR	1.48.670	36
Eddie Cheever Arrows-DFR	1.48.396	10	Michele Alboreto Lola-Lamborghini		29

Race Classification

Pos	Driver	No	Nat	Car	Laps	Time/Retirement
1	A. Senna	1	Bra	McLaren-Honda	45	1 21 43.302
2	A. Prost	2	Fra	McLaren-Honda	45	1 22 01.453
3	N. Mansell	27	GB	Ferrari	45	1 23 06.556
4	R. Patrese	10	Ita	Williams-Renault	41	Engine
5	N. Piquet	11	Bra	Lotus-Judd	44	Spin off
6	D. Warwick	9	GB	Arrows-DFR	44	Engine Throttle
7	A. De Cesaris	22	Ita	Dallara-DFR	44	Gearbox
8	M. Brundle	7	GB	Brabham-Judd	44	Accident
9	P. Martini	23	Ita	Minardi-DFR	44	Engine
10	J. Palmer	3	Fra	Tyrrell-DFR	43	Throttle cable
11	E. Cheever	10	USA	Arrows-DFR	40	Accident
12	S. Modena	8	Ita	Brabham-Judd	37	Wheelbearing
13	S. Nakajima	12	Jpn	Lotus-Judd	36	Engine Throttle
14	I. Capelli	16	Ita	Leyton House-Judd	32	Accident
15	M. Gugelmin	15	Bra	Leyton House-Judd	26	Engine
16	P. Alliot	30	Fra	Lola-Lamborghini	20	Engine
17	G. Berger	28	Aut	Tyrrell-DFR	16	Throttle cable
18	S. Johansson	36	Swe	Ferrari	13	Accident
19	A. Nannini	19	Ita	Onyx-DFR	8	Wheelbearing
20	A. Caffi	21	Ita	Dallara-DFR	4	Engine Throttle
21	M. Alboreto	29	Ita	Lola-Lamborghini	2	Accident
22	O. Grouillard	26	Fra	Ligier-DFR	1	Electrics
23					0	Input shaft

Fastest Lap: Ayrton Senna 1 45 884, 143.599 mph/231.094 km/h

Non Qualifiers

No	Name	Car
24	L. Sala	Minardi-DFR
37	B. Cachot	Onyx-DFR
38	C. Danner	Rial-DFR
39	V. Weidner	Rial-DFR

Non-Pre Qualifiers

No	Name	Car
41	Y. Dalmas	AGS-LFR
17	N. Larini	Osella-DFR
40	G. Tarquini	AGS-DFR
18	P. Ghinzani	Osella-DFR
31	R. Moreno	Coloni-DFR
32	P.H. Raphanel	Coloni-DFR
33	G. Fortek	EuroBrun-Judd
35	A. Suzuki	Zakspeed-Yamaha
34	B. Schneider	Zakspeed-Yamaha

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From 12th on the grid the cause seemed hopeless. At the Hungaroring, with its snaky curves and short straights, you're lucky to pass three cars in a race, let alone 11. And yet, in quite the most brilliant drive of a glittering career, Nigel Mansell came from behind to claim his 15th Grand Prix victory in devastating style. It was the first time since Mexico 1987 that he started with equipment on par with Ayrton Senna's, and he exploited it fully.

Even before he arrived in Budapest, Mansell entertained high hopes that things would be markedly closer than they were in Germany, but qualifying immediately proved an eye opener. Last year's session threw up some strange names in unfamiliar places, yet did little to prepare anyone for the 1989 surprises.

As McLaren struggled to balance its MP4/5s (a surprise in itself), and the Ferraris slithered round in a gripless frenzy, Riccardo Patrese pushed pole beyond the reach even of Senna on Friday, and Alex Caffi made full use of new Pirellis to grab second fastest time. Though Senna finally succeeded in edging the Dallara on to row two, nobody

dislodged Patrese and he did a beautiful job to lead the first 52 laps in commanding style. Was this really the Riccardo everybody used to deride? The man who was so pilloried for holding up Ronnie Peterson at Anderstorp in 1978? Who threw away Imola in 1983 or brake tested Julian Bailey so stupidly in Jerez last year?

The 1989 version is more relaxed, and Riccardo is enjoying a whole new lease of life. He could have been forgiven for losing out to Senna at the start, but he didn't. Instead, he took command of the Hungarian Grand Prix and didn't relinquish it until circumstances beyond his control wrested it from his grasp.

Around lap 50 of the 77 something sharp punctured his right water radiator, and five laps later he was pulling unhappily to a halt just past the pits, tears welling in his eyes as the third win of his 186 race career slipped away.

Regardless of whether he might have resisted Mansell's awesome charge later in the event, he had driven superbly thoroughly over shadowwork, his better paid team-mate Thierry Boutsen who survived

for third place in his Williams Renault. This time last year he seemed capable of mixing it with the real stars, yet always he seemed to fade. This time round, there was no sign of that. Riccardo Patrese drove bloody well, it was as simple as that.

So too, did Mansell. Stupendously well, in fact. Right from the start he helped himself enormously by taking four cars before he even showed the Ferrari's nose turn one, then he slipped ahead of Derek Warwick's well-driven Arrows before the end of the first lap.

Caffi held up Berger for the first three laps, and Prost for another four as Senna pressured Patrese, but once he had passed Nannini as the Benetton driver pitted for fresh rubber on lap 12, then overtaken Boutsen, Mansell ripped past the Dallara within two laps and set about reducing the deficit to the leading quartet.

From his qualification nightmare had come one major advantage: as the Ferrari didn't work on qualifiers he had concentrated on Goodyear's hard Bs and softer Cs, and thus had more experience of them than anyone else. What also counted was how much easier on the Cs

was John Barnard's chassis. Before the race, Goodyear urged its runners to opt for Cs and to make stops. Patrese, Senna and Prost chose Bs in the hope of non-stop runs, however, neither McLaren driver in a position to contemplate the Cs with the chassis handling as it was. It was when Berger made an early stop for fresh rubber on lap 29 that Goodyear discovered that the Ferrari hadn't really hurt its tyres, and the news was quickly radioed to Mansell that he needn't come in at all.

By then he was up to fourth and hounding Prost, whom he overtook on lap 41. The Frenchman was having a miserable weekend. Unable to make his chassis work to his full satisfaction, he was also beginning to feel isolated within the team, as if he had fallen out with kin. And to make things worse, his race was marred throughout by a return of an engine problem that had beset him in Friday's qualifying. The V10 hesitated on acceleration all through the race, and also cut out intermittently, making life a nightmare. It explained why he had trouble passing the likes of Caffi and Cheever at the end of the short pit straight, on which the Honda's legendary bottom-end punch should have been decisive, and the problem put him in a position where both Alex and later, Eddie, gave him brutal chops that had him standing on the brakes to avoid contact.

By the time a moment on the failing Patrese's oil had coated Alain's Goodyears with the rubber debris that lurked off line, and necessitated a stop as his wheels were vibrating so much as a result, Caffi had fallen back with disappointing race tyre performance and a lengthy stop for replacements, but Cheever and Boutsen had gone past for third and fourth places. Boutsen finally passed Eddie, as well he ought to with the Renault's superior power, but it took Alain several laps before he outfumbled his aggressive former Renault team-mate with a lap to go.

By then the unlucky Berger had posted his 11th consecutive retirement, dropping out on lap 57 when his gearbox ceased to function. There are those who are beginning to wonder if all his mechanical problems are beyond coincidence but he had experienced loss of hydraulic pressure in it in the



Stirling Moss and Mansell was John Mansell

morning warm-up and was livid to find that the team hadn't changed the complete unit. He was even madder when it let him down, especially since he'd been given a bollocking after Hockenheim as Cesare Fiorio accused him of holding up Mansell. One gets the distinct impression that last year's Ferrari hero can't wait for his end of season switch to McLaren.

There was disappointment, too, for Sandro Nannini. After running seventh initially, bunched just behind Boutsen and ahead of Mansell, he found that following the kind of high-speed train that the Hungaroring creates was destroying his Goodyears faster than if he was running alone. Wisely, he made an early stop on the 12th lap, and was reaping the benefits in a challenging seventh again right behind Cheever and ahead of Boutsen, when he lost the selection of first, third and fifth gears on lap 17 and pitted to retire.

Derek Warwick also deserved rather more than the 10th place he eventually took. He'd had a good feeling all weekend, and was a useful seventh when he pitted on lap 33 to find out why his Arrows handling had gone awry. As a matter of course the team slapped on a new set of tyres as the rear end was inspected, but it transpired a wheel nut had worked loose and been the cause of the problem. When he rejoined he did so just ahead of Gerhard, but though the Ferrari driver was angry that he was unable to overtake the Arrows, and felt it had held him up, Derek was in fact going very quickly.

Eventually he caught and passed Stefano Modena's struggling Brabham, gripless like team-mate Brundle's and bearing the nasal scars of the contact with Luis Sala that had expelled the lapped Spaniard from the race, to finish 15 seconds adrift of Jean Alesi's well-driven Tyrrell.

The Frenchman had blotted his copybook a little on Friday morning with a territorial dispute with Nigel Mansell which ended with the Tyrrell driver giving the race winner-to-be a brake test as they entered the pits, but he underlined his talent by qualifying 11th. Ironically enough, that put him alongside... Mansell!

He was 12th on the opening lap, three places ahead of Cheever, but when an out of shape Brundle — who went round the outside but was on the dirt when he braked — struck the back of the 018, it damaged the undertray and cut a tyre. Jean stormed back after a stop, and was for a time the fastest man by far in those early laps, before his handling went off again. The performance was yet further indigestible food for thought for Jonathan Palmer, who was lucky to escape unharmed from a Friday shunt at 170 when a brake pipe rubbed through. Hungary was yet another awful weekend for him, and it was the final straw when an injection trumpet fault dropped him from 10th to 14th.

At least he finished, though March's tale of disaster continued with Capelli losing a menacing eighth with a sheared drive pin on the left rear wheel, and Gugelmin losing that very position a lap later when, of all things, the electric pump he'd asked for on his drink bottle shorted out against the buckle of his safety harness.

Neither Minardi made it home after both Sala and Pier-Luigi Martini had shone at times in qualifying. The Italian was a good 10th on the grid but suffered the Pirelli race tyre performance drop off, and retired when a rear brake upright problem created a small fire. He thus joined both Onyxes in retirement, each of the Moneytron cars going out with gear linkage faults.

Stefan Johansson had pitted for investigation of the problem and had just resumed when Senna and Mansell came up to lap him as they exited the right hander at the base of the hill after the pits where the old chicane used to be. At that moment, the ORE-1 jumped out of fourth gear and Senna, as usual cutting things very very fine and sitting right behind, faltered for a split second. Just as he began to pull right, Mansell saw his chance and darted further right, switched sideways momentarily as

he tried to stay out of the McLaren's gearbox, and just had enough momentum to grab the lead. It was one of the moves of the year, and from then on he never looked back as he headed for a dramatic victory in the best race of the season. "I dedicate this to Enzo Ferrari on the anniversary of his death," he'd said in a manner calculated to inflame the passions of all Italian racegoers the world over, "and I admit there is a slim chance of the championship this year."

Back home in Maranello, the church bells began to toll in celebration, and the optimism for the crown knew no bounds. Closer to reality

Nigel was fully aware that the elusive Driver's Championship was still some way from his grasp, and remained cautious in his optimism. "I've always said 1989 is the foundation for an all-out attack next year, and that's how I think it'll go. We've made tremendous progress at Ferrari this year though, and the team has terrific motivation."

Whether it can maintain its fresh momentum once Barnard leaves remains to be seen, but Mansell once again proved that he offers Senna and Prost a very serious challenge when history comes to reflect on the best driver of the late Eighties. □

Steady Eddie Cheever was edged out of the lead by Prost as lap 44 unfolded.



=Sports Seen=



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HUNGARY

Hungaroring

13th August 1989

Circuit Length: 2.465 miles 3.967 km

Laps: 77

Drivers'
World Championship

Constructors'
World Championship

Official Starting Grid

6
21
2
19
9
4
15
7
11
3
37
24
20

1
5
28
8
23
27
16
10
22
12
18
36
29

Race Classification

Non Qualifiers

Non-Pre Qualifiers





A one stage it began to look as if there was a serious chance the Belgian GP might not happen. That was when rubber-clad marshals were haplessly trying to sweep rivers off the Hautes Fagnes track and the Brabham lads were frantically screwing a new left rear corner on to Martin Brundle's race car, so team-mate Stefano Modena could use it.

Friday's rain had returned with a vengeance on raceday, chasing away the dry track set-ups from Saturday and throwing the Pirelli runners into confusion. On Sunday morning the Italian company appeared to have found an answer to its wet grip problem when Pierluigi Martini was fastest in the warm-up on a set of hand-grooved slicks, but that was when the track was at its driest. Come the grid formation laps, both Brabham drivers found their cars appalling on them in the wetter conditions, and both damaged them. Brundle at least made it back to the pits for the spare but Modena had to use Martin's intended race car, hence the frantic activity.

And that was all before the race

even started. It did, eventually, after a half hour delay to allow largely unsuccessful mopping up operations all round, and when it did it proved a soggy but impressive testimony to today's drivers.

You don't need to be told that Ayrton Senna was on pole in the McLaren Honda, and it was largely academic that he and fellow front row man Alain Prost were using the latest, 'more driveable' version of Honda's V10 (which proved anything but in the cooler than expected conditions). And if you count back over all the wet races since Monaco 1984, it is the Brazilian who has really been the dominant driver in such conditions.

Frankly, those early laps at Spa were bloody crazy. It was just like the F3000 race there in 1987 when drivers found themselves running blind, desperately listening for a change in the engine note of the car ahead, so they'd know when to brake and downshift for the corner that was somewhere ahead in the ball of grey water into which they were plunging at 180mph.

Things were so bad that by the end of the first lap the field was already

strung out, only Senna having the benefit of clear road. He, however, was coping initially with a problem of a different kind. The tyre blankets used on the grid hadn't warmed the front tyres at the same rate as the rears and thus the pressures were different. F1 is so technical that was enough to make the handling even more precarious until things stabilised around lap five, but you wouldn't have known it from Senna's press-on style as he built up an advantage.

Early qualifying had suggested Ferrari might be able to run with Honda, but sure enough, the McLaren's stamped their authority. In race trim, however, both Berger and Mansell were flying as they pressured Prost. Incredibly, though, the Austrian's run of ill fortune continued with his 11th consecutive retirement. The F1 '89's ride height was a fraction too low and when Gerhard got on a large puddle it skated on its belly and out of the race. His 40th birthday brought no present.

The Alain Prost who ultimately finished second was, of course, the very same Alain Prost who was so

pilloried after Silverstone last year. You know, the one they all said couldn't drive in the wet. At Spa he did a pretty good job of it, and as he has always said, he's fine so long as he can see where he is going. In fact, he drove a great race, withstanding tremendous pressure from Mansell in the closing stages. When Prost got held up behind Eddie Cheever, already a pit caller in his Arrows by lap five to have a loose wheel nut tightened, Mansell and company which included Thierry Boutsen, Riccardo Patrese, Sandro Nannini and Derek Warwick all queued together. It was no disgrace; even Senna was being ultra-cautious passing backmarkers. Prost finally squeezed ahead at La Source after three laps, and then it was Mansell's turn to get held up, for five. By the time he was by Prost was 19 seconds up the road, and Senna another 10 in front of him, but Nigel got his head down and charged.

There was a grassy moment on lap 24 when a momentary gear selection problem obliged him to straightline the Les Combes complex after Eau Rouge, but it bothered him hardly at all as he experimented with a series of lines to catch Prost. By lap 30 his efforts were paying off as he closed right on to the McLaren's now wholly troublefree transverse gearbox, and the 65,000 bedraggled spectators were treated to a display of driving that epitomised what Grand Prix racing should be all about.

Where Boutsen, Nannini and Warwick (a very good drive on his 35th birthday) all found their cars less effective as the track finally began to dry (or get less wet, to be more accurate), Mansell had the wherewithal to challenge and exploited it to the full.

"I was trying to say hello to Alain in his mirrors, but he ignored me," he joked afterwards, when he'd finished a mere half second behind. "That McLaren seemed twice as wide by the end." Prost never looked particularly ruffled by all the pressure, but admitted he wouldn't have wanted it to continue too much longer. You could see it all as typical Mansell desire to win, but maybe it was also a little window dressing warning shot across the bows of the man who might just partner him at Ferrari next year...

In the closing stages both drivers

pulverised the fastest lap, each setting theirs on the final tour, but prior to that there had been a flurry of Pirelli activity after De Cesaris and Martini had decided conditions were suitable for the grooved slicks. The excitable Dallara driver, who already had one totalled Volvo hire car to his credit during the weekend, spun several times after setting fastest lap, but the impressive Martini kept the Minardi on the road and rocketed by Cheever, Andrea, Capelli and Emanuele Pirro to finish ninth, only two seconds adrift of Stefan Johansson's oversteering Onyx. Whether the latter's result pleased team owner Jean-Pierre Van Rossem — currently fast developing into Belgium's answer to Guenter Schmid if his ranting about F1 'injustices' is anything to go by — remained unknown. The bulky entrepreneur saw his second car driven by Bertrand Gachot spin once and then suffer another through wheel bearing seal failure, and departed muttering about the Porsche engine deal his team still denies has been made.

Pirro, in fact, earned an award for intelligent thinking after going off backwards into the Stavelot gravel bed. Fortunately (or unfortunately, depending on circumstances) the Benetton tobogganed over the pebbles and came to rest on the strip of grass behind the bed, allowing the Roman to drive round that grass and out again where otherwise he would have been held fast. Gravel beds seemed to exercise a fascination for returnee Johnny Herbert, who visited them twice in Friday qualifying and again in the Sunday warm-up. Nevertheless, the Tyrrell driver impressed with eighth-fastest time on Saturday morning and 16th place on the

grid despite engine failure, and Uncle Ken seemed pleased enough until he went off at Eau Rouge and lost the 13th place he held immediately behind Johansson.

By contrast, Johathan Palmer's awful season continued as he was outqualified again by a team-mate and struggled home an unhappy and disillusioned 14th.

In a surprise announcement in qualifying, Leyton House Racing had confirmed that both Gugelmin and Capelli would be staying on for 1990. The Brazilian had been expected to stay, having a dearth of offers to go anywhere else, but the Italian's name has been linked with the second Ferrari seat of late and he seemed unhappy in the team. While Mauricio seems to have gone from strength to strength of late, Ivan is clearly not the joker he was when he was making such a name for himself last year, and it is sad to see Gugelmin ran to seventh, fighting his CG891 all the way, but Ivan had to be satisfied with only 12th. For the first 27 laps he was able to demonstrate his tenacity and bravery by following literally in Martini's wheeltracks, and when the Italian pitted he finally went ahead. Then throttle potentiometer problems slowed him, and his outstanding overtaking manoeuvre on Riccardo Patrese last year at Spa seemed a long, long way behind him.

Patrese himself was also out of luck this year, after tailing Boutsen from the start. The pair of them were lapping Michele Alboreto's Lola on lap 21 and the Italian saw the Belgian and let him through. He didn't see Riccardo tucked in behind, however, and when he moved back on line the two touched and went into the gravel. The Williams lost the right rear

Mansell charges. Prost resists the race of the day

Alpsport Vandystadt



wheel Michele any vestige of friendship from Riccardo. The conditions also accounted for Caffi, who spun his Dallara out of 13th place on lap 14, and the Brabhams. Spa was not a good week for the Chessington team having started with the arrest of owner Joachim Luethi in Switzerland the previous Wednesday and progressed to serious grip problems in the wet. Modena qualified eighth in the dry — a meritorious performance — but started from the pit lane and quit after nine laps, expressing the opinion that the BT58 on Pirellis in the wet at Spa was not a recipe for prolonged good health. Brundle ran as high as 15th until he too quit with malfunctioning brakes after 12 tours. Lola, too, took nothing home from Spa but disappointment, made all the worse by Philippe Alliot's great delight in a revised Chrysler Lamborghini engine on Saturday morning. The amiable Frenchman qualified 11th but lost out at Les Combes on lap one avoiding Cheever, and then had a gear selection problem at La Source on lap four which accounted for Rene Arnoux. Eventually his oil pressure took a dive.

The Ligier pilot looked his old self with fourth fastest time in Friday's free practice, and was fast in the afternoon too, but the JS33s didn't like the dry so much, and Olivier Grouillard didn't like his at all on Saturday afternoon when it broke a rear wheel going up Eau Rouge. Arnoux retired after his clash with Alliot, Grouillard soldiered on for an undistinguished 13th.

If Ligier was disappointed after a weekend which initially held promise, consider the feelings of Team Lotus. In recent months it has progressed to the point where championship points are at least a realistic possibility every race. And on Friday Nakajima was an excellent eighth in first qualifying. Piquet was also thereabouts, but Saturday afternoon will go down in history as one of Lotus' blacker moments. Nelson got himself in a tizz passing Grouillard at Pouhon and fell off, damaging the underside of his car. His second had a serious misfire, so that was it. DNQ. It was his first since Detroit 1982. After that he went out and won in Canada, but nobody was putting money on a repeat of history at Monza.

Naka also failed to find the right



Black magic: nothing proved quicker the answer and made Martin fastest in the wet last lap. Asport/Race/Rondeau



Prophetic? Asport/Vandystad



balance to pip Grouillard for the last grid slot, so that was that. A day off on Sunday for the yellow and blue boys in Camel's most important European market. That must have pleased Director of Sponsorships W. Duncan Lee, who was on the verge of committing his company to the team for a fourth season...

It was the first time anyone could remember neither Lotus actually qualifying. None ran at Monza in 1970 after Jochen Rindt's fatal accident nor during the FOCA strike spoiled San Marino GP in 1982 and there have been times when one car hasn't made it. But this was the first time neither had. It must have stung, especially as the Chapman family had gone to the race to watch.

Somebody actually asked Senna what he felt about his old team failing to get in, as if sentiment

matters that much in F1 these days. He talked of bad decisions having a way of catching up with you and left it at that.

He was in a relaxed mode all weekend, with his mother and father present to watch their son work his magic, and he stayed that way all through Sunday. It's no coincidence that he stars in such conditions but this time what really impressed was his self control. "I always like to push, push, push," he remarked, "but here the danger is always in pressing too hard. You have to draw back." He did so admirably.

He talked again of the challenge to man and machine he had mentioned after his pole lap and at times he smiled. It was his 10th win, Honda's 50th and McLaren's 78th, one behind Lotus. He looked outwards for once, like a man who actually enjoys his success.

2nd F1 PM JIA ONE GRAND PRIX
POULIN DE JEN

BELGIUM

Circuit de Spa-Francorchamps

27th August 1989

Circuit Length: 4.312 miles/6.940 km

Laps: 44

Drivers' World Championship

Pos	Driver	Total
1	Alain Prost	62
2	Ayrton Senna	51
3	Nigel Mansell	38
4	Riccardo Patrese	25
5	Thierry Boutsen	20
6	Alessandro Nannini	14
7	Nelson Piquet	9
8	Michele Alboreto	6
	Eddie Cheever	6
	Derek Warwick	6
11	Johnny Herbert	5
12	Alex Caffi	4
	Andrea De Cesaris	4
	Mauricio Gugelmin	4
	Stefano Modena	4
16	Jean Alesi	3
	Christian Danner	3
18	Rene Arnoux	2
	Stefan Johansson	2
	Pierluigi Martini	2
21	Martin Brundle	1
	Olivier Grouillard	1
	Jonathan Palmer	1
	Luis Sala	1
	Gabriele Tarquini	1

Constructors' World Championship

Pos	Team	Total
1	McLaren	113
2	Williams	45
3	Ferrari	38
4	Benetton	19
5	Arrows	12
6	Tyrrell	10
7	Lotus	9
8	Dallara	8
9	Brabham	4
10	Leyton House	4
11	Ligier	3
	Minardi	3
	Rial	3
14	Onyx	2
15	AGS	1

Official Starting Grid

Pos	Driver	No.	Team	Pos	Driver	No.	Team
1	Alain Prost	2	McLaren-Honda	1	Ayrton Senna	1	McLaren-Honda
2	Thierry Boutsen	5	Williams Renault	28	Gerhard Berger	28	Ferrari
3	Williams Renault	27	Riccardo Patrese	6	Riccardo Patrese	6	Williams Renault
4	Nigel Mansell	27	Ferrari	19	Alessandro Nannini	19	Benetton Ford
5	Stefano Modena	13	Benetton Ford	15	Mauricio Gugelmin	15	Leyton House Judd
6	Brabham Judd	8	Benetton Ford	30	Philippe Alliot	30	Lola-Lamborghini
7	Derek Warwick	9	Arrows DFR	20	Emanuele Pirro	20	Benetton Ford
8	Arrows DFR	9	Arrows DFR	36	Stefan Johansson	36	Onyx-DFR
9	Alex Caffi	21	Dallara DFR	25	Rene Arnoux	25	Ligier-DFR
10	Dallara DFR	21	Dallara DFR	16	Ivan Capelli	16	Leyton House Judd
11	Pierluigi Martini	23	Minardi DFR	3	Jonathan Palmer	3	Tyrrell DFR
12	Minardi DFR	23	Minardi DFR	37	Bertrand Gachot	37	Onyx-DFR
13	Johnny Herbert	4	Tyrrell DFR	24	Luis Perez Sala	24	Minardi-DFR
14	Andrea De Cesaris	22	Dallara DFR				
15	Martin Brundle	7	Leyton House Judd				
16	Brabham Judd	29	Lola-Lamborghini				
17	Michele Alboreto	29	Lola-Lamborghini				
18	Eddie Cheever	10	Arrows DFR				
19	Arrows DFR	10	Arrows DFR				
20	Olivier Grouillard	26	Ligier DFR				
21	Ligier DFR	26	Ligier DFR				

Race Classification

Pos	Driver	No.	Team	Laps	Time	Notes
1	A. Senna	1	Bra McLaren Honda	44	1:14:46	
2	A. Prost	2	Fra McLaren Honda	44	1:15:00	
3	N. Mansell	3	GB Ferrari	44	1:40:56.020	
4	T. Boutsen	5	Bel Williams Renault	44	1:41:48.514	
5	A. Nannini	19	Ita Benetton-Ford	44	1:42:03.301	
6	D. Warwick	9	GB Arrows-DFR	44	1:42:12.512	
7	M. Gugelmin	15	Bra Leyton House Judd	44		
8	S. Johansson	36	Swe Onyx-DFR	44		
9	P. Martini	23	Ita Minardi-DFR	44		
10	E. Pirro	20	Ita Benetton Ford	44		
11	A. De Cesaris	22	Ita Dallara DFR	43		
12	I. Capelli	16	Ita Leyton House-Judd	43		
13	O. Grouillard	26	Fra Ligier-DFR	43		
14	J. Palmer	3	GB Tyrrell-DFR	42		
15	L. Sala	24	Spa Minardi-DFR	41		
16	P. Alliot	30	Fra Lola-Lamborghini	39		
P	E. Cheever	10	USA Arrows-DFR	38		Loose wheel, nut
P	B. Gachot	37	Bel Onyx-DFR	21		Wheel bearing
R	R. Patrese	6	Ita Williams Renault	3		Accident
R	M. Alboreto	29	Ita Lola-Lamborghini	1		Accident
R	A. Caffi	21	Ita Dallara DFR	1		Spun
R	M. Brundle	7	GB Brabham-Judd	2		Brakes
R	G. Berger	28	Aut Ferrari	9		Spun
R	S. Modena	5	Ita Brabham Judd	9		Handling
R	R. Arnoux	25	Fra Ligier DFR	4		Spun
P	J. Herbert	4	GB Tyrrell DFR	3		Spun

Fastest Lap: Alain Prost 2:11.571 117.995 mph 189.890 km/h

Non Qualifiers

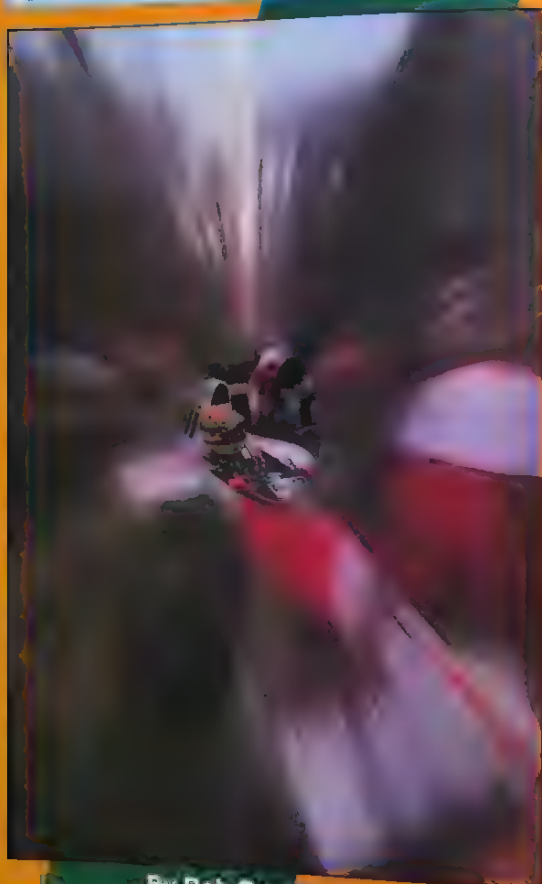
No	Name	Car
12	S. Nakajima	Lotus-Judd
11	N. Piquet	Lotus-Judd
38	C. Danner	Ria. DFR
39	P. H. Raphanel	Rial-DFR

Non-Pre Qualifiers

No	Name	Car
17	N. Lanni	Cosma DFR
18	P. Ghinzani	Cosma DFR
31	R. Moreno	Cosma DFR
40	G. Tarquini	AGS-DFR
34	B. Schneider	Zanussi Yamaha
35	A. Suzuki	Zanussi Yamaha
41	Y. Dalmas	AGS DFR
33	G. Fotek	Enbina Judd
32	E. Bertagga	Cosma DFR

AYRTON SENNA

WARMING TO THE ICEMAN



By Bob Corbin

The German Grand Prix was not the easiest of races at which to interview Ayrton Senna. He hadn't finished a race since winning in Mexico. He had been made out to be the bad guy in forcing Alain Prost to leave McLaren and he had a 20 point deficit in comparison to his teammate in the World Championship.

On a personal level, his manager, Armando Botelho Teixeira lay dying of cancer in Brazil. There were rumours that he would retire at the end of the year. There were many questions to be asked. Ayrton, however, was his usual, polite, apparently calm self, unemotional, in control of the situation, betraying

little and keeping his feelings to himself. But those with open minds have seen an improvement in the Brazilian since his World Championship win. Was he the more self-confident, philosophical driver that we have come to know this year? "I feel much more relaxed than I was last year because I have now won the

From motor sport to motorist



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Left Sitting Pretty: Ayrton's brilliant career began in karts
Bottom Right Sitting up: home means more than just good cooking



Championship," confirmed Ayrton. "I'm no longer trying to find out how to do it. I have done it in theory and in practice, and therefore now I know just what it takes and I'm very sure of what I'm doing."

"Although the results have not been so good lately, it doesn't matter. The way I have been tackling the season has been the same right from the beginning of the year. I had a very good run and then I had some failures. But they weren't down to me. My approach to my driving and my strategy is what I think is the best. It's changed from last year to this, but I'm much more relaxed and much more natural, I think, and that is important."

Ayrton gains much of his strength from his family and friends. He has a religious outlook, and the family environment is important to him. He loves his home in Brazil and homesickness was said to be one reason for the rumours of retirement. Ayrton explains the importance of the family environment.

"I have always had support from my family and friends, and that has always counted as a big advantage for me. These are people that you trust, who are part of you, who know you better than anybody else. They know how you've grown up, what are your better qualities, your difficult points, your favourite things, the things you desire most, and therefore they also want just the best for you. You can only get the best out of this kind of atmosphere and it must be good not only for your driving but your psychological condition, your approach and your state of mind."

But it was said that his mother did not like him racing, and would dearly love him to give it up. Ayrton, to some extent, confirmed this.

"It's not quite like this. My parents realise that motor racing is my life. That's what I want to do and they are happy for me as long as I am happy. But parents always worry, they are always concerned, so the day I stop they'll be very less worried, I suppose."

Did that, then, have an influence on his career? "No, no, because I'm fortunate enough to do what I like and what I don't like. I have no barriers. I'm totally free to do things the way I want, and it's a very fortunate position to be in. I know that the day that I stop they will feel better, but I know, on the other hand, that they are happy as long as I am happy and they know that I wouldn't be happy if I wasn't racing right now, and therefore I have peace of mind."

I wondered, then, how much Ayrton planned ahead. Was there a one year, two year, five year plan? "You always have to look at the future and try to plan to the best of your ability. But Formula One changes too fast, and although you can plan, you have to

maintain a flexibility with your goals, your wishes, your desires and that's what I try to do. It takes a lot out of me, it takes a lot of my time, a lot of my thinking, but it is my profession and therefore I always have to be flexible."

So was retirement in his mind at the moment? "Of course. It's just a matter of when, (laughs). It's in my plans at the moment, because I don't just look at the next month or the next year. I look at five years ahead or more, ten years ahead. I look at life as a whole, the next ten years, and I have to consider everything: racing, stopping, doing something else, racing and something else. Everything is possible."

"I'm free, totally free to decide anything at any time from the end of next year onwards, because I have a commitment to my team technically until the end of next year. I'm not saying that mentally it's not longer than that, but technically until the end of next year. At the end of next year, as we are talking today, I am totally free to do whatever I want, in



terms of desire in terms of business, in terms of finance. I can stop racing and not bother about financial life, my comfort or my family comfort for the rest of my life. This is, I think, a very fortunate position to be in."

Ayrton, however, lays great store in the help of those around him. "I always discuss my matters with the people that I trust, and you have to discuss these things because sometimes you don't see things that somebody else sees immediately. You must use the possibility of this advice if it is available to you. Very few people have that possibility."

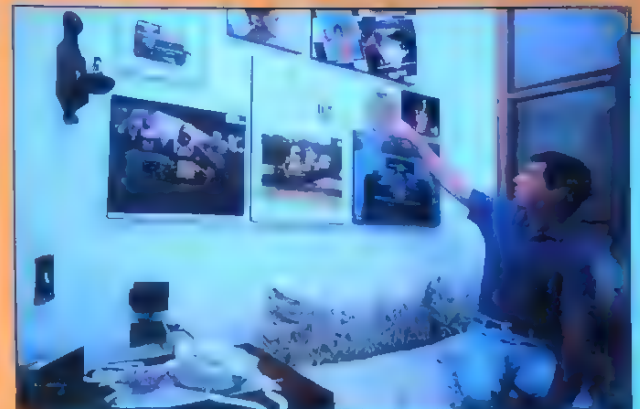
We had already touched on money providing the security for the future, but how important is it? "Money is a complement of doing what you like, and enjoying what you're doing, and sometimes it's good to know that people not only admire you and the way you do things, they also value you very highly. It's natural."

Time now, to move on to the Prost business. In some ways, Ayrton had been made out to be the bad guy, the reason why Prost had to leave his 'family'. How did he feel that it had reflected on him?

"As you said, it probably hasn't reflected very well on my image, and that's because a racing driver, being a successful sportsman, has a lot of credence. People listen to what you have to say. At that point you have to be very careful with your ideas and your statements, because you can damage lots of people. You can damage lots of people before the truth is found or before you find out you are wrong. I try very hard and am very careful to control what I say, because I see the danger of damaging other people."

"I don't think Alain has the same attitude. I think he was very unhappy in what he said in many of his statements regarding the team, Honda, myself. He made a mistake, I think. I lost total respect for him for that. I had a lot of respect for him before he came to race for McLaren and when we raced together during the beginning. I had a lot of respect for him, not only as a racing driver but as a professional. Suddenly, he changed. In fact it's a very disappointing situation."

Why, in Ayrton's opinion, had they not got on well together. Was it



Sitting room — and guess who's on the walls?



Yes, he's an Alak — sitting as model in all are around





because they were both very sensitive. "It could be but we also have different educations, very different backgrounds and I can tell you with 100 per cent certainty that my background is very high, my education is very high, and I've maintained that all through my life."

There was also the argument that Ayrton was a Honda man, whereas Alain was a McLaren man. Did Ayrton think that fair? "It depends on how you look at it. I have worked with Honda one year longer than he had, therefore I know the people a little bit better, at least to start with. But then he has also had the opportunity to get to know the people in a year and a half of the working relationship, and that has been down to him. If he has not fulfilled some of his expectations, it's his own problem. He probably has not performed up to the standard that he should have."

"As far as I'm concerned, I am four or five years down on him on the McLaren side. But I feel totally happy in a professional environment with all the McLaren team members: mechanics, technicians, engineers, management. I have a good relationship with all of them. I have a good understanding and great respect. It's not because he's (Prost) here longer that I feel he's a McLaren guy and I'm not a McLaren guy. I feel as McLaren as he is. But I've worked for that. "From the moment that I decided to come to McLaren I've worked hard to make up for any handicap I might have on that level. I put a lot of thinking, a lot of dedication, a lot of effort into it, and I think I've succeeded. He probably hasn't done the same with the Honda guys yet; it would normally have been a lot easier for him, because I was also very new to Honda, only one year. He had two World Championships. I had none. It should have been a lot easier in all respects for him than it was for me."

One common criticism of Ayrton is that he never seems to enjoy having won. People don't want to see a thoughtful, unsmiling face after the joy of winning. I ventured. Most people have a feeling that I am not a sensitive, not a happy man. First of all, I am very sensitive, and I think that one of my best qualities is that I have learned how to cope in the environment that we work in, not to allow problems to affect my sensitivity and my performance. I have developed a very strong self-control, and that is important at all times, not only when you're winning, and when you're not. If you're having a

hard time not finishing races, you must have a good control, not to allow stupid things to be said and things like this.

"And when you're winning, you must keep cool, keep calm and just use your success in a positive way for yourself, not for other people. After all, it is you who are achieving that success, not the people that are following you. Unless you win, it has no use at all for the people who like you and follow your success. So first of all you have to provide them with the success, and then, if it is possible, give more smiles around. But it's no good to give smiles around unless you're winning. I don't have to smile to everybody. I smile to myself and to the people I value who deserve it."

We saw Ayrton at his most exuberant crossing the finishing line in Suzuka last year, but it was a rare moment. Does he ever let himself go? "Yes, but how can I talk about this? I may be very sensitive, but I enjoy things more than anyone. Whether I like people to notice it at any time, any place, is a different question. I have developed the self control that I was talking about before."

"When I allow myself to let go, it is a private moment, when I feel totally private and relaxed, with the people that I really love. But anyone who saw me at Suzuka got some feeling from that, must have done."

No one, however, can question Ayrton's talent on the track. Was he driving as well as ever? "Yes. I think that unless you keep trying, you never know your limits. When you have been in Formula One for five years you have some experience, you know the car, you know the engine. If you are then happy just to reach that high performance and stay there, you will be missing something extra."

"If you're always looking for a small improvement, and trying harder and harder, you gain from it. You may make some mistakes, you may go through some difficulties, but when you add it all together, ultimately, you will be at a higher point and you will gain a lot of success. But that is relative, not just to your driving technique and your experience, it is also relative to your personality. It goes together, it varies from case to case."

In such cases, did Ayrton still have to build himself up to those performances, those pole position laps which he still seems to achieve with such regularity? "Yes, very much so. It's important, it takes self control, pause, and lots of confidence and faith and a

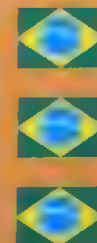
very clear mind of what you're doing and what you want to achieve. A clear mind is very important for me throughout a weekend, as clear as you can keep it. The clearer you are, the better you perform."

I cleared his mind by leaving once again with the impression that here

was a man very much in control of himself, his destiny, his talents and desires. The Iceman he has been called, yet it's what is below or within that ice that Ayrton is trying to protect. Sensitivities need safe guarding. □



Senna in McLaren's 1992 F1 car



TRIO CON BRIO

GERMANS IN FORMULA ONE

KARIN STURM
HINDS LIFE FOR
GERMAN GRAND
PRIX DRIVERS
IS HARD

They started as a quartet in Rio at the beginning of the season. But one of them, Joachim Winkelhock, has already given up. The others are still struggling: one, Bernd Schneider, to pre-qualify, two, Christian Danner and Volker Weidler, to qualify.

It's not a very promising year for the Germans in Formula One. Not even for Christian Danner, who achieved his best ever Grand Prix result in Phoenix by coming fourth. Three points which prevented the Rial team from having to pre-qualify in the second half of the season, but did not protect Danner from constant criticism from his team boss, Gunter Schmid. "I do not understand why he is not at least a lot quicker than his teammate Weidler", Schmid says. The explanation is not hard to find: the Rial is a car which tends to oversteer a lot — a habit that Weidler likes and Danner absolutely dislikes.

But it's difficult for 31-year-old Danner to convince his boss that the main problem is the Rial itself, and the difficulty of working without a top designer. For Schmid, the car is "okay" as he repeats over and over — choosing not to see that being one or two seconds down on the field is usually not just a driver's fault.



What Christian really doesn't want to remind him is that he has given regular proof of his talent, by becoming Formula 4000 Champion in 1985, by being as quick as teammate Thierry Boutsen at Arrows in 1986, as quick as teammate Martin Brundle at Zakspeed in 1987. "If ever I get the chance to drive a top car, I am sure I will be able to match the top people", he says, full of self-confidence. "If I wasn't sure about that, I would have to stop at once".

Tall, good-looking, always charming, never without a smile through all his problems — that's one side of Christian Danner, the one you see at first sight. The other is the more private Christian Danner, the one who likes to listen to classical music, who is interested in literature and in seeing more than hotels and race tracks in foreign countries. If you visit his home in the countryside near Munich, the first one to greet you will be one of his pets: he has two dogs, a cat — "and two horses, but we keep them some miles away". Danner's teammate Volker Weidler likes animals, too. But his favourites are a bit smaller than Danner's horses. Weidler likes little fish. As his girl friend Ute says: "He can sit in front of his aquarium for hours, watching them". But of course during the season there is not much time for such things. "Formula One and German Touring Car Championship — that's quite a lot of work".

Still, after being in Formula One for more than six months, Volker Weidler had not taken part in a single Grand Prix. In the first half of the season he had to go through pre-qualifying. Volker again failed to make it through official practice at his home Grand Prix in Hockenheim. "Pre-qualifying is unbelievably hard", he reflects, "but even if I never made it into official practice, I still think I learned a lot in that time. Of course, if I am honest, I expected a bit more at the start of the year. But I knew it would be difficult".

But it is not the first time 27-year-old Weidler has had difficulties to overcome. German Formula Three Champion in 1985, he had an unsuccessful year in Formula 3000 in 1986, which set him back quite a bit. He switched to Group C with a Kremer Porsche for one year, only to come back into F3000 in 1988, after winning the Marlboro Challenge at Donington in November 1987. "Getting the seat at Onyx, I was really sure I'd made it," he remembers today, "so it was a real disappointment when we had so many problems with the



CHRISTIAN DANNER, FORMULA ONE



March, especially in the first half of the year. But it had its good side. I really learned to fight back. And in the end we made a lot of progress.

Of course, he hopes for similar results in Formula One. "It can't be the final goal just to be in Grand Prix racing for one year. Okay, one dream has come true now. But there is so much still to be achieved.

Small wonder he feels that way, for Weidler's life was always "racing". At school, when he was eight or nine years old, he had to write an essay.

"What do you want to be in the future?" Most of the others in his class wanted to be astronauts or engine drivers — little Volker wanted to be a racing driver. "Formula Three driver. I didn't know all the details then, I thought 'three' is more than

one, so Formula Three must be more than Formula One.

Another German whose life has been involved with racing from the start is Bernd Schneider, third of the Germans still active in Formula One. His father called him Bernd after the German race hero of the 1930's, Bernd Rosemeyer. And he always had the dream of his son becoming a top racing driver. So young Bernd got a lot of support when he started Kart racing as a boy, and at once showed talent. His rise to the top was rapid, bringing him the German Formula Three title in 1987.

Schneider came into Formula One directly from Formula Three at the beginning of 1988 at the age of 24.

Of course it was a big step, not only as far as driving is concerned — but the whole environment is so completely different. "Rio, Mexico — it was not only that the circuits were new for him, it was a whole new world, including the special atmosphere of Formula One, its special challenges. There are so many people you have to deal with: sponsors, the Press. It takes a bit of getting used to."

Schneider did get used to it, other problems have intervened to delay success in Formula One. The main one is that West Germany's Zakspeed Team can't even be considered as

one of the top teams in F1. So it is for him a very difficult situation. Let's best results in 1988 was 21st place at his home Grand Prix in Hockenheim, and that's not much. He managed to pre-qualify and qualify only once in 1988 at the beginning of the year.

But in spite of poor results, Bernd Schneider is not a quitter. He is ready to fight for a better position in the team.

He is ready to fight for a better position in the team. He is ready to fight for a better position in the team.





HESITANT BEGINNINGS

HONDA IN F1 — 1964 - 68

BY DAVID PHIPPS

25 years ago, on August 2 1964 Honda entered its first Formula One Grand Prix motor race. Both the car and its 1.5-litre V12 engine were built "in-house" by the Honda R&D department, and had done very little testing. For both Honda and American driver Ronnie Bucknum, the 22-km Nurburgring Nordschleife was a daunting place for a Formula One debut.

Due to technical problems the Honda started practice late and boiled on its first lap. In the second session it stopped with slipped timing, and in the third the engine failed. When practice officially ended the Honda had completed only two of the five flying laps which were necessary to qualify at the Nurburgring, but an additional session was arranged and Bucknum duly made it on to the grid — albeit at the back, with poor throttle response and inconsistent braking making the car a real handful. In the race itself the Honda went much better, picking up seven places in the early stages and looking certain to finish until the front suspension broke on the 12th of the 15 laps.

Because of this, and the braking and throttle response problems, Honda missed Austria and reappeared five weeks later at Monza with a completely new car, on which bigger brakes had been fitted and the original motor cycle-type carburettors had been replaced by fuel injection. The brakes were still poor, and the engine was still prone to pressurising its water system, but Bucknum qualified tenth and was running seventh in the race when the engine boiled again. Whatever its faults, the Honda was clearly competitive power-wise; after making a bad start Bucknum passed nine cars without resorting to slip-streaming. Despite a lot of work the engine continued to overheat at Watkins Glen, and the decision was taken to miss Mexico and concentrate on development for 1965, when Bucknum would be joined by Richie Ginther. 1965 started badly. After missing South Africa in January, the two

Hondas were on the last row of the grid in Monaco and both dropped out with transmission trouble — Ginther with a broken drive shaft on the first lap. At a very wet Spa Ginther scored Honda's first World Championship point (Bucknum retired with engine trouble), and at both Silverstone and Zandvoort Ginther briefly held the lead. However, there can have been few — even at Waka — who anticipated that at Mexico City in the last race of the season Ginther would lead from start to finish, with Bucknum a competent fifth.

Ginther's victory in Mexico gave Honda a tremendous boost, and encouraged them to build a car for the 3-litre formula which began in 1966. Unfortunately this was not ready for the start of the season, and although it was tested in Japan in July it did not race until the Italian Grand Prix in September.

Like the 1.5-litre RA272, the 3-litre RA273 had a V12 engine with a central power take off, but in this instance it was mounted longitudinally. With 4-valves per cylinder its potential output was well over 400bhp, and from the outset it was obvious that the car's main limitation was not lack of power but excess weight; on the scales at Monza it was no less than 243kg over the 500kg weight limit — and this with only a moderate amount of fuel on board. In spite of this Ginther qualified seventh, and was lying second when a tyre burst, probably because of an earlier puncture.

At Watkins Glen there were two cars the second for Bucknum, but both suffered from handling problems and both had transmission trouble in the race. And even though Ginther finished fourth in Mexico, with Bucknum seventh, fuel starvation (due to the under-seat location of the fuel pumps) ensured that Honda would not repeat their 1965 victory. For 1967 Honda took on John Surtees as number one (and only) driver but made the mistake of persevering for most of the season with the over weight RA273, which was also handi-

capped by mistires and a very narrow power curve. In South Africa at the start of the year Surtees finished third, but in the next three races he had engine trouble and it was only after missing the French Grand Prix and finishing sixth, two laps behind at Silverstone that he managed to persuade Honda to allow their V12 to be fitted in a revised Lola Indianapolis chassis.

Surtees's victory in the 1967 Italian Grand Prix was almost as much of a surprise as Ginther's win at Mexico in 1965, the RA300, or the "new experimental car" as Honda referred to it at the time, was nearly 100kg lighter than the RA273, but was only ninth fastest in practice and was well behind the leaders for much of the race. But on the last lap Clark's Lotus-Ford ran out of fuel, and Surtees — who had just passed Brabham's ailing Repco Brabham — found himself in the lead. At the last corner Brabham slipped ahead again but then ran wide, and Surtees came through to win by a tenth of a second.

By the end of the 1967 season Surtees had convinced Honda that they needed a new engine as well as a new chassis and two parallel projects were put into motion — a "reversed port" V12, with torsion bar valve springs, and an all-new car fitted with an air-cooled V8 engine. In South Africa Surtees used the 1967 car, but was delayed by a pit stop to investigate a misfire. In Spain the RA301 would have finished third if a bolt had not fallen out of the gear selection linkage, at Monaco it retired with transmission failure while lying second, and at Spa it retired with suspension failure while in the lead.

In the French Grand Prix at Rouen, much against Surtees's wishes, it was arranged that the untired V8-engined car would be driven by Jo Schlesser. It was not at all impressive in practice, qualifying second last, and on the third lap of the race it crashed and caught fire — the intensity of the fire being increased by the amount of magnesium in the chassis. Schlesser perished in the flames, but Surtees remained unaware of what had happened until the end of the race, in which he finished second. Despite Rouen the V8 programme continued, and Surtees tried a revised version of the RA302 during practice at Monza but never raced it. He finished third at Watkins Glen in the RA301, and equal seventh in the 1968 World Championship, at the end of the season Honda withdrew from racing. ■

he has never had the chance to show his skills in a good car. "You have to worry that this fact will not change in the near future. For the first time Zak speed probably has a good chassis, designed by Gustav Brunner — now the engine is the problem. "We have to be patient with the Yamaha people", says Schneider officially. "even Honda did not win at once in Formula One, they needed time too." But of course it's frustrating for him to fail to pre-qualify

weekend after weekend, without really being able to do anything about it. At Hockenheim, for example: "There my engine lost 200 revs from the beginning. On a circuit like Hockenheim, that means at least one-and-a-half seconds."

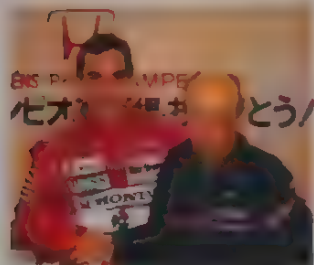
At least Schneider can take comfort from the fact that Erich Zakowski said he would like to continue with him in 1990. On the contrary, Gunter Schmid has already pointed out that he does not want a German driver in

his cars next year. So Danner and Weidler already know they have to look for new jobs. As has, of course, Joachim Winkelhock, who left AGS after the French Grand Prix. "It was no use going on like that", said the brother of the late Manfred, "without having the chance of regular testing. I saw no possibility of any success, so I think it was better to stop. But of course I will try to be back in Formula One next year." Difficult job — but surely not only for him... □



Winkelhock at the AGS test at Silverstone

AIMING FOR THE STARS



HONDA IN F1 BY ALAN HENRY

When Ayrton Senna clinched the 1988 World Championship, he did so in Honda's back yard, in front of the Japanese manufacturer's home crowd at Suzuka. Amidst all the excitement, back-slapping and champagne cork-popping, he received the personal congratulations of Mr. Tadashi Kume, President of the Honda Motor Company. That, in itself, was an overwhelmingly significant fact.

As Kume stood there, surrounded by Honda acolytes, celebrating Senna's record eighth win in a single season at the wheel of the McLaren-Honda, he probably allowed himself a few moments of quiet reflection over how things have changed. In twenty years, he had not only scaled the personal heights from the viewpoint of his own career, but witnessed Honda motor racing fortunes run the entire gamut from bitter tragedy to overwhelming success.

Those scenes of joy at Suzuka must have seemed light years away from that miserable, rain-soaked afternoon in the dank summer of 1968 when he stood in the paddock at Rouen-les-Essarts as one of the key engineers behind the contemporary Formula One programme. It was probably the most depressing single moment of Honda's Formula One involvement, for although John Surtees had taken

the V12-engined Honda RA301 to second place in the saturated French Grand Prix, poor Jo Schlesser — uncle of Sauber ace Jean-Louis — crashed fatally at the wheel of the ill-starred, air-cooled Honda RA302. It was a major blow to Honda's aspirations at a time they held out great hopes for their air-cooled N600 saloon on the European market. In fact, the RA302 had only competed at Rouen on the personal instruction of Soichiro Honda himself — and against the advice of Surtees, who felt the car was too new and unready for racing. In those days, Honda's Formula One operation was effectively a distant cousin of the Japanese factory's main business, an arm's length operation organised and administered by Surtees, short on budget and resources.

It's all a far cry from the complex computers which stand in the back of the McLaren pits today monitoring every single parameter of engine performance while the cars are out on the circuit. The transition from those floundering, fledgling days not only mirrors the commercial success of Honda as a whole, but graphically demonstrates what can be done with single-minded commitment. Moreover, it is not just in technical terms that racing has enhanced Honda's breeding. With Kume as

President and Nobuhiko Kawamoto moving in 1989 from his position as President of Research and Development to Managing Director of Honda as a whole, the two most senior positions in the company are now filled by executives with strong motor racing pedigrees. Even before Kume was involved, Kawamoto was working round the clock screwing Honda Formula Two engines into Brabham chassis throughout 1965 and '66 in the days when Ron Tauranac nicknamed him 'Hong Kong mechanic'. Honda doesn't forget those who have helped it in the past. Brabham and Tauranac remain close friends and advisors. With some pleasure, John Surtees recalls receiving a telegram shortly after Nigel Mansell's brilliant victory at the wheel of the Williams Honda in the 1986 British Grand Prix at Brands Hatch. "It was from Mr. Kume," he recalls, "and it said 'without you, this would not have been possible today'. That made me happy, but it wasn't just my efforts. It was down to the efforts of everybody on the project at the time — Nakas (engineer Yoshio Nakamura) and San (engineer Yoshio Nakamura) and all the others — because we were not only trying to compete with other teams, but fighting them with one hand tied behind our back, also fighting some of the people back home at Honda. In that respect

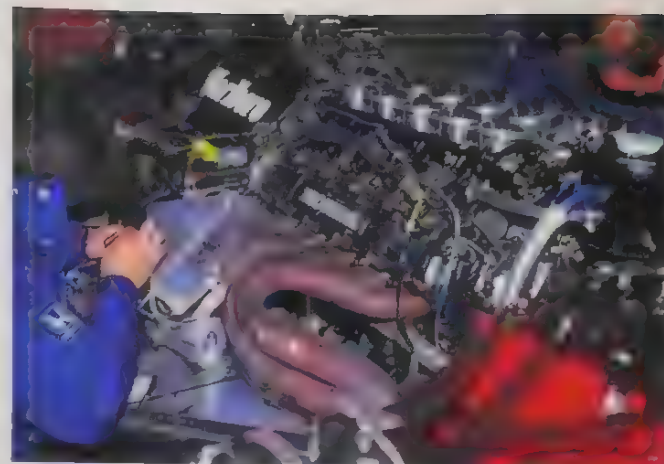
Honda was very similar to Ferrari in those days. Some of the biggest opposition to Ferrari achieving greater success than he did came from within Ferrari itself. There were similar problems within Honda.

Surtees makes it crystal clear that back in the 1960s, he detected a certain ambivalence towards Formula One from certain factions within the company. But he kept the faith, his motorcycle racing background inwardly convincing him that Honda had the requisite resources to get the job done in Formula One. Of course, it is all too easy to forget just how overwhelmingly the company had dominated the two-wheeled racing arena in the early 1960s. After getting their motorcycle racing programme off the ground in Japanese domestic events, they had moved to Europe in 1959 to launch an international racing effort. In the years that followed, through to the factory's retirement at the end of 1967, the likes of Jim Redman, Luigi Taveri, Tom Phillis, Bob McIntyre and the charismatic Mike Hailwood weaved a legend of achievement which brought a totally new dimension to the sport.

By contrast, the Formula One effort was much more modest. "I remember we went to some races with only one spare engine," Surtees recalls, "because we had to think very carefully whether the budget could afford sending one back to Japan for repair. We would have, possibly, one box of gear ratios, one box of engines spares — and two boxes of sparking plugs, because we used so many!"

Despite the various financial constraints, Surtees managed to marshal sufficient resources to re-vamp the original 1967 RA273 with the aid of Erle Broadley's Lola organisation, for whom he drove Group 7 CanAm sports cars. The Honda chassis itself had been something like 150lbs overweight, but the new 'Hondaola', as the hybrid became known, scored a sensational split-second victory over Jack Brabham on its maiden outing in the Italian Grand Prix at Monza. This was Honda's second Grand Prix win this far, the first being when Richie Ginther triumphed at Mexico City in 1965 in the last event of the 1½-litre Formula One.

Honda withdrew from Formula One at the end of '68, not returning to the Grand Prix fray until 1983 when the company initiated its pilot involvement with Spirit, thereby planting the acorns from which today's Grand Prix oaks sprang in a remarkably short space of time. Moreover, the indications are there for all to see that the company has learned a great



deal from its programme two decades ago. While Mr Kawamoto has said that 'the time is not yet right for an all-Japanese Grand Prix car' the intense, high-technology nature of the late 1980s Formula One environment favours collaboration between specialist chassis manufacturers and the engine makers. The dramatic failure of Renault's own Formula One works team and the necessity for Ferrari to establish a chassis design studio away from their main factory all attest to this emphasis.

Coming to terms with the Japanese culture has been fundamental to doing business with Honda, although it's worth bearing in mind that Williams and McLaren are effectively facing much the same circumstances as those handled by Brabham and Surtees two decades ago. However, the tone of the later Anglo-Japanese partnerships is different.

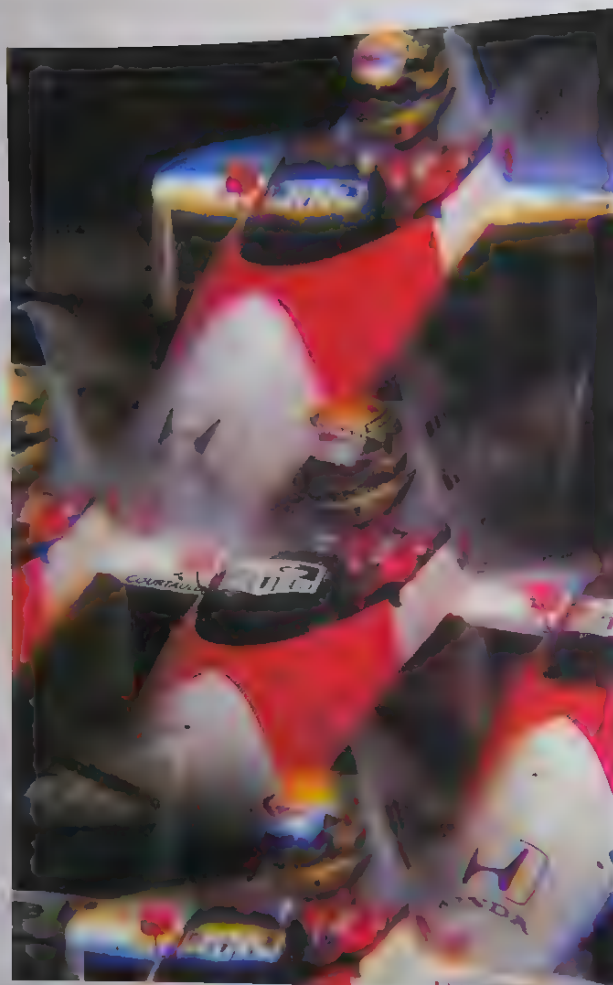
Read all the race reports in the 1960s and commentators refer to the Honda technicians in distantly formal terms; it was years later before most of us knew that Nakamura's first name was Yoshio. In all the contemporary reports, he was 'Engineer Nakamura', nothing more. Nobody made any efforts to interview him, as far as I can judge, and apart from a few jocular observations about 'the Japanese mechanics are having trouble making themselves understood in English', that was as far as any intimate portrayal of the key Honda players went. It was to be a long time before the names Kume and Kawamoto would be uttered in reverential terms by Williams and McLaren. Nowadays, of course, much more time has been spent with varying success by those

two teams, the better to understand the Japanese ethos.

When the history books are written, we will perhaps gain a better insight into the complexities why the Williams-Honda relationship became unreliable and was supplanted by the McLaren-Honda alliance. Many of us believe we know — as do some drivers central to the theme — but the passing of time alone will put an accurate historical gloss on the whole complex matter. Did Williams lose Honda engines because Frank declined to have Satoru Nakajima aboard? Did Honda feel uncomfortable about having an invalid in charge of their prestige Formula One team? Were they dissatisfied over Williams's unwillingness to force Nigel Mansell to toe the number two line alongside Nelson Piquet? Did Williams make a purely commercial decision to let the engines go for a substantial severance payment?

Honda prefer not to elaborate on their oft-repeated line, to the effect that "it was a mutual decision to terminate the contract." That is where things remain today, but, for all this confusion, one element is clear: the enormously evident personal respect which Nobuhiko Kawamoto has expressed for Frank Williams and Nigel Mansell, as well as for Ron Dennis...

Of course, the fundamental motivation behind Honda's Formula One participation remains engineering excellence, and, with the Grand Prix engine programme firmly incorporated as one of the elements in their Research and Development department, there is a constant throughput of engineers who will later be able to apply the sense of urgency and



application engendered by Formula One into other areas of the firm's operation.

To outsiders, Honda's programme is perceived as a simply massive combination of technical expertise and unlimited investment. Yet Kawamoto sees an alternative view; "We are doing nothing that is impossible, that is not available to any other manufacturers who come into Formula One and has the necessary willingness to do the job properly, to apply total commitment."

That is indeed cold comfort for Ford, Renault and Ferrari, all of whom are lagging on the horsepower front.

As a postscript to Honda's involvement in Formula One, I was chatting to Peter Briggs, the boss of one of the company's most successful UK dealerships, Edenbridge Honda — a company which, coincidentally, he acquired from John Surtees. A friend of mine had arrived in a Mercedes and we stood in the car park, debating the merits of the Honda Legend coupe, an example of which was standing alongside

"Why do you drive a Mercedes?" inquired Briggs. "Because of the engineering that goes into it," replied my friend. "No, because of that badge," smiled Briggs, pointing to the three-pointed star on the bonnet. "That's the standard that Honda is aiming at..."

Should they reach that level, a large percentage of such success will be attributable to the high technology image developed from a motor racing involvement — again like Mercedes. If the day dawns that one speaks about Honda and Mercedes in the same breath, it will largely be down to the technicians and engineers who currently fuss around Ayrton Senna and Alain Prost in the pit lanes of the world.

In which case, perhaps Osamu Goto, currently Honda's Formula One Project Leader, will one day walk into a Grand Prix paddock as President of the Honda Motor Company... ■

HONDA IN F1

1964

GERMAN GRAND PRIX

BY DAVID PHIPPS



Anxious wait for the Honda at the starting line

The first practice session for the German Grand Prix had been under way for more than half an hour before the distinctive note of the Honda engine was heard. And after only one lap the car coasted slowly into the pits in a cloud of steam. But this was 1964, and the small contingent of Japanese technicians had rather less experience of Formula One than the current team. It was, in fact Honda's first Grand Prix, and the first-ever single seater race for their American driver, Ronnie Bucknum. The 22km Nurburgring "Nordschleife", with its 176 corners and its notorious "yumps", was also by far the most daunting circuit which both Honda and Bucknum could have chosen for their Formula One debut. But after a brief and rather unsatisfactory test at Zandvoort, it was decided to take the plunge — and the tiny (by modern standards) Honda transporter made the short journey from the Netherlands to the Eifel region of Germany.

Both the Honda and its 1.5-litre V12 engine were designed and built "in house" by the Honda R&D department, and the car was painted in the Japanese colours — white with a

symbolic rising sun on the nose. The chassis followed contemporary Lotus BRM practice and was an aluminium alloy monocoque with a complex tubular subframe round the engine, which was mounted transversely behind the driver and ahead of the Honda six-speed gearbox/final drive unit. Suspension was by Lotus 25-style rockers and inboard springs at the front, and by wishbones and inboard springs at the rear. Wheelbase was 90.8 inches, track 49.3 inches front and 51.2 inches rear, and British-made Dunlop tyres, 6.00-13" front and 7.00-13" rear, were fitted on Dunlop wheels.

The 90 degree V12 had four valves per cylinder, 58.1mm bore, 47.0mm stroke and a capacity of 1495cc. Needle roller bearings were used for both mains and big ends, and the compression ratio was relatively low at 10.0 to 1. With Kokusan Denki coil ignition and motor cycle-type carburettors, maximum output was said to be 220bhp at 13,000rpm. During scrutineering the German officials were very concerned that the Honda did not have an oil catch tank, as required by the regulations — an omission which was rapidly

overcome by wiring a Coca-Cola can to the battery carrier.

Bandini's Ferrari recorded the fastest time in the second practice session, 8min 42.6sec. (Surtees subsequently did 8min 38.4sec). The time for Bucknum's sole flying lap was a very creditable 9min 34.3sec, but after this the Honda was pushed back to the paddock with slipped timing. On Saturday morning the Honda's engine failed on the first lap, and despite a rapid engine change Bucknum had completed only two flying laps when official practice ended, which in normal circumstances would have meant that he would not be allowed to race (the regulations specified that all cars must complete five laps — mainly to ensure that their drivers had learned the circuit). Fortunately a German Lotus driver was in a similar predicament, and the organisers arranged a supplementary session (held in pouring rain) to allow him, and Bucknum, to qualify; it was only afterwards that Honda discovered it was possible to make every lap a flying one by going through the gateway at the back of the pits, a ruse which all the other competitors had used for years.



The race was held in dry, sunny, weather — which is by no means guaranteed at the Nurburgring in early August. Clark's Lotus-Coventry Climax led the first lap before dropping back to retire with a dropped valve, and the feature of the race became a duel for the lead between Surtees's Ferrari and Gurney's Brabham-Climax, which ended when Gurney was forced to make two pit stops for water.

Bucknum made a good start and picked up several places on the first lap, getting as high as eleventh and setting a best time of 9min 22.0sec (compared with Surtees's new lap record of 8min 39.0sec) before going off the road only three laps from the end when the front suspension broke — something which happened distressingly often on Formula One cars at the Nurburgring in the 1960s. Bucknum was not hurt, but he was very critical of the Honda's braking, and of its throttle response, and of the repeated pressurising of the cooling system; as a result it was decided that the team would miss the next race, in Austria, and build a new car with larger brakes, fuel injection — and hopefully a better

Right: Honda's Mr. Nakamura (left) with driver Bucknum



Right: Honda's Mr. Nakamura (left) with driver Bucknum

cooling system — in time for the Italian Grand Prix at Monza on September 6.

It had not been the most auspicious debut, but both the car and the engine clearly had potential, and Honda had shown that they were not afraid to do their development work in public rather than spend months or years on private test tracks as most motor manufacturers would have done. Nowadays, of course, it is not possible to miss races, or to enter the Championship in mid-season, but there is no doubt that Honda's experiences in 1964 stood them in good stead not only in 1965 when they had their first success, but also when they returned to Formula One (albeit only as engine suppliers) in the 1980s.

Surtees's V8 Ferrari duly won the race by over a minute from Hill's BRM, with Bandini's V6 Ferrari over 3½ minutes further back in third place and Siffert's Brabham-BRM fourth, the last car on the same lap as the winner. Surtees went on to become World Champion, by just one point from Hill; neither Bucknum nor Honda scored any points in 1964. ■



Right: Honda's Mr. Nakamura (left) with driver Bucknum

Right: Honda's Mr. Nakamura (left) with driver Bucknum

Right: Honda's Mr. Nakamura (left) with driver Bucknum



GRAND MASTER



STEVE NICHOLS

By Dan Knutson

Last year the Steve Nichols-designed McLaren MP4/4 repulsed its challengers with ridiculous ease as Ayrton Senna and Alain Prost drove to 15 victories out of 16 races.

The pupil had become one of the Grand Masters.

American Steve Nichols joined McLaren as an engineer in 1980. In 1988 he proved to be one of the Grand Masters of Formula One design with his stunningly successful MP4/4.

And now the bad news for the opposition, Nichols plans to remain in Formula One and with Marlboro McLaren Honda for a long time.

"You have to understand," Nichols says, "that even though I have been with McLaren for eight years, I have only been in the capacity of chief designer for the last couple of years."

"I have just stepped onto the bottom rung of the ladder. I was John Barnard's pupil. He taught me a lot, and I have now been able to do a good job for McLaren. But I still feel that I am very much in the infancy of my career as a designer."

"My first car was the '87 car which was an adaptation of John's previous car. So my first really all new car was

the '88. That's only one and a half cars and not a lot for me personally. So I'm quite happy at this stage to design Formula One cars at McLaren and continue at McLaren."

Nichols' interest in racing started in 1960 when his parents bought him a go kart. By 1962 the 15-year-old Nichols had decided on a career in Formula One. He grew up in Ogden, a town about 30 miles north of Salt Lake City, Utah, USA. It's a long way from Ogden to McLaren, but for Nichols it was a carefully planned trip.

"I was interested in designing race cars," Nichols says, "and being a race engineer seemed to be the best background. So I tailored my education in high school and college along those lines. After I graduated from high school, I went to the University of Utah and got a degree in mechanical engineering."

"Then in order to further enhance my experience — I didn't think that there were very many Formula One teams that would want a completely inexperienced engineer — I got a job with Hercules Aerospace in Salt Lake City where we did design and analysis

of rocket motors and chambers and of very high tech sort of materials like kevlar and carbon fibre."

After four years at Hercules, working on what truly is the leading edge of technology, Nichols moved to Chicago where he worked for the Gabriel company, designing dampers for Indy Cars. That's when he met John Barnard who was involved with the Chaparral Indy Car project at the time. Nichols spent four years at Gabriel. He then decided that it was time to move on to Formula One.

He phoned Barnard to see if he knew of any Formula One teams that needed engineers. Barnard was becoming involved with the Project 4 McLaren Formula One effort at the time. So it was that Nichols joined McLaren in October 1980 and has been there ever since.

Barnard was interested in building a carbon fibre monocoque, space age stuff at the time. Nichols helped bring in the Hercules company who built the first carbon fibre monocoques for McLaren.

At the end of 1986 Barnard joined Ferrari. He had been heavily involved in every aspect of the design effort at



Concise note: Nichols in the pit lane
Above: Almost all-conquering 1988 McLaren



Top win Gordon Murray (left) and Ron Dennis

(Right) Prost's Ferrari

McLaren and after he left, a new design team was formed.

"We tried to create a situation where the designer actually had more time to design the car," Nichols explains, "and have someone else do the administrative and managerial side of things." Ron Dennis hired Gordon Murray to run the administrative side. Neil Oatley formed the third member of the design team.

"We were faced with a situation where we were going to have to build four cars," Nichols says. "We had to build a development car to run the Honda turbo engine and build a turbo race car for 1988. In addition to that we were already having to look into building a normally aspirated development car and a normally aspirated race car as well."

Nichols took on the turbo car, which had to be ready in seven months, and

Oatley started on the normally aspirated project.

"Now the turbo project is over with," Nichols says. "Gordon has moved on to the McLaren road car project and Neil and I will form the design team to do the cars. We will collaborate in some fashion. We haven't decided exactly how, but we have to come to some sort of arrangement to work together."

The days of having a single top level designer on a large Formula One team are over, Nichols says. You are sitting with a blank sheet of paper in front of you. Where, how, do you start designing a Formula One car?

"There is always a lot of to consider," Nichols says. "First, there are all the regulations which have to be incorporated. We try to keep the good points and fix the bad points of last year's car. Also there is the engine

which you have to integrate into the total package. We work very closely with Honda so that they just don't deliver us an engine and say 'here it is, put it in the car.'

"We have to take into consideration the engine and how big it is and how much fuel it uses and how much radiator capacity it needs. Then I have to work with the aerodynamicist as well. I usually try to give the aerodynamicist as much freedom as possible to come up with whatever shapes and sizes he wants. If he finds a big advantage and if it's an impractical shape, then we will try to fit the mechanicals into his impractical shape. If we can't, then maybe we will have to compromise. You have to consider what tyres you are going to use, and how that may affect the suspension geometry."

"Then there is the monocoque — you have to fit the driver and the engine and the gearbox in. You have to fit the electronic equipment in. In the turbo car, for example, there were 14 types of electronics components — batteries and digital display units and what all. You have to find a place for all that in the car."

"There are structural constraints — making the car work and making it as stiff as it needs to be. And in addition to that there is a series of physical (crash) tests we have to do."

What about the compromise between performance and having a car that is easy to work on?

"I don't normally find that it's too bad," Nichols says. "The mechanics are one extreme — they want it all ways, really. They want the car to be competitive, and they want a car that looks nice and goes fast. They want it to be a piece of cake to work on — so that the part practically falls on and they just bolt it up."

"They don't sometimes appreciate that it may be impossible to have a car that is easy to work on and still be competitive. So we try to design a car that has it both ways."

Nichols was involved with the first carbon fibre monocoques. Carbon fibre, however, is not the answer to everything...

"Carbon fibre is a very useful material," Nichols says, "but it is only one of the materials that we work with. It's a complex material. You really have to understand what it is like, what its advantages and disadvantages are. It's worked out well in monocoques and in body work... complex sort of geometric shapes that you can mould."

"I don't know if it will ever be terribly useful for wishbone sus-



pension." The reason, Nichols says, is because you would still need steel ends on the suspension pieces where they bolt up to the monocoque and the uprights. "It becomes difficult to make and also at the end of the day might not be that much lighter." You shouldn't forget good old fashioned steel, Nichols says. "Steel does not seem very 'trick' because it's been around for ever," he says. "But it is an amazingly versatile material, extremely useful and available in such a terribly wide array."

"If you had to choose one structural material to build almost anything, you would almost have to choose steel because there is such a wide variety of forms available. "So you have to consider carbon fibre as one of your repertoire of materials available to use. You have to look at the job that has to be done and the materials that are available and pick the best for the job."

Looking at the Formula One car as a whole, does Nichols see any area where big strides in technology can be made? "Right now we seem to be in a phase where we are just fine tuning," Nichols says. "A lot of detail and sophisticated engineering goes in. But there hasn't been any dramatic breakthrough like turbo engines or ground effects things like that for quite a while. We may be in this phase for quite some time."

nature may come. We just keep looking for those sort of things and hopefully it will be McLaren that discovers it!"

Part of the McLaren magic is drivers Ayrton Senna and Alain Prost. They both produce the desired result — winning — but how are they different to work with?

"They are quite similar to work with actually," Nichols says. "That doesn't mean that their personalities are the same. But they are both very good drivers, both very sensitive to changes made in the car. They are about the biggest stars there are in Formula One. In terms of how they are with us, however, they are just a couple of guys on the team doing a job."

"We are a bit spoiled, I think, by having drivers that don't fall off the road very much, that give good information, that are very sensitive and intelligent so that they are able to suggest changes. You couldn't ask for two better guys to work with." What about McLaren's new driver for 1990 — Gerhard Berger?

"I don't know that much about him," Nichols says. "I understand that he is a very nice fellow, and he's obviously very talented. I'm looking forward to getting acquainted with Gerhard next year. I think he is easily one of the top four drivers in the world."

Talking with Nichols, it's hard to detect an American accent. Living in England for the past eight years has softened that. Also, he is very quiet spoken, the complete opposite of the 'tightly American Tourist' you find at Piccadilly Circus.

Now 42 years old, Nichols has lost none of the passion for racing that he developed as a teenager. He owns a Van Diemen F2000 and has even found time to race it five times this year. Usually, though, you will see Nichols (tall with salt and pepper hair) standing with Ron Dennis at some Formula One track around the world. Nichols, Dennis and the rest of the McLaren crew seem to have won it all. What's left for Nichols? What sort of challenges does he need now? "In a way I suppose that we have done it all," Nichols says. "Perhaps after my cars have won more races and even more championships, then I will think about something else. Right now I am quite interested in just designing Formula One cars. "It's an enormous challenge. It continually changes and you continually learn. You are never really on top of it. It never goes stale. The others are always trying to knock you off your perch, and you are always trying to make sure that it doesn't happen. So there is always that competition to spur you on."

"I suppose the only reason to change to another team is to get more money or more control or if I felt that somebody had more potential to allow me to design. This is a little hard to imagine right now. McLaren supplies us with good finance, good back-up, good people, good engines, good everything."

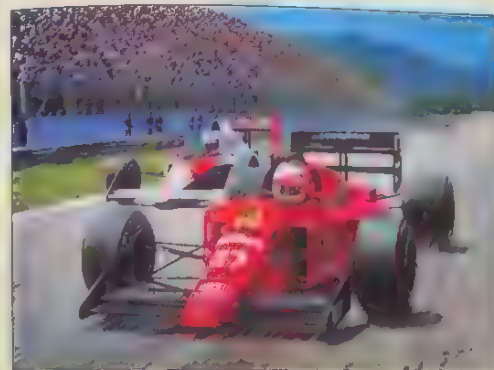
"I have been interested in Formula One since 1962, and I'm still interested in it. I'm interested in other things, like sail boat racing, but not to the same level as Formula One. I'd prefer to design Formula One cars rather than any other racing cars or any other type of mechanical device, whether it's machinery to make tuna fish cans or whatever."

"A lot of people say you have won 15 of 16 races, but it's only one season and I still like it. And there is nowhere else to go. If we were doing F3000 and we won 15 of 16 races then we would do Formula One, but we are already there."

"So there is not much sense in backing off for me personally and designing F3000 cars or Group C cars or Indy cars or whatever... because this is the pinnacle." ■

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1989 BRAZILIAN GP

During practice and the warm-up few would have put money on a Ferrari even finishing, the relatively new semi-automatic gearbox giving both Berger and Mansell severe problems.

However, come the race the story could not have been more different, Berger flying off the line to challenge Senna at the first corner. Senna wisely trying to intimidate Berger into lifting off and effectively putting them both out of the race.

Patrese now led, soon to be challenged by Mansell who had to resort to some spectacular outside overtaking to pass. From then on it was fingers crossed through the pit stops and to the finish. A brilliant first time win for the Ferrari 640 and first race by Nigel in a Ferrari. A milestone race punctuating and hopefully ending the previous season's mind-numbing monotony.

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1988 LE MANS

The build-up to the Le Mans 24Hrs was one of great speculation and expectation. However, the great three-way confrontation was not to be: the Mercedes Team was withdrawn on the Thursday due to their tyre problems. But even with this sad event the race was still one of the most gripping duels in the Le Mans history.

Factory Porsches held the first three positions on the grid, the No1 Jaguar in fourth spot, the No2 car was sixth. From the outset it was Lammers No2 car which proved the quickest, moving into second spot soon after the start and into the lead after 25 minutes.

Into the evening the No2 Jaguar led but was being caught by the favourite Porsche followed by the No1 Jaguar. This lead although rarely relinquished was under constant threat throughout the long night and early morning. Mid-morning rain gave added vigour to the Porsche threat. The Le Mans race was only a certainty at three o'clock. The Jaguar of Lammers, Dumfries and Wallace, less than a lap in front of the Porsche, led a trio of Jaguars over the line to a rapturous welcome.

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COURTAULDS



WINNING FROM THE FRONT

AN INTERVIEW WITH SIPKO HUISMANS,
MAIN BOARD DIRECTOR OF COURTAULDS

Courtaulds and motor sport go back to the early Eighties, when the company's role as sole UK producer of carbon fibre led it into a sport where new materials were in increasing demand. Starting with a low-profile involvement with Brabham ("Our decal was exactly 3" - the smallest ever seen in motor racing - and it was hidden behind the driver's helmet"), the company has enjoyed associations with Tyrrell, Lotus and now the number one team of them all - McLaren. Why?

Motor racing is more than anything else about management. It's about research, about capital, about cash flow, and about risk management. And if you get all those things right, motor racing is also about winning. If you can do all these things in your business, then you win; and the internal propaganda message for our company is that if you do things in a precise determined way, then you will win.

What did you gain from the Tyrrell years, and how did the move to McLaren come about?

Tyrrell in 1987 was our first major sponsorship, and in that year we won the two cups in the atmospheric category. It was a satisfying experience, and a good season for us. Halfway through the season, you may recall, we changed our identity on the car when the new Courtaulds identity was launched, and we started using that curious 'C' - 'C' for Courtaulds, with some embellishments. I have grown accustomed to the question, "What the hell is that?" The answer is that it is meant to be a physical emblem of the company. Whatever else, nobody ever confuses it with ICI...

But last year we saw problems coming with Tyrrell, we were concerned the team would be grotesquely under-financed, and we therefore divided our sponsorship between Lotus and Tyrrell. We had a poorish season given the equipment and the money that went into Lotus, and a very, very poor season with Tyrrell, which disenchanted us.

At the end of the season the question of continuing with motor racing sponsorship arose, and there was a pretty unanimous conclusion among us all. Yes, it had worked, people's enthusiasm, customer entertainment and so on had grown: we now have up to 250 guests at races, and do the entertaining bit so well that Paddy McNally uses Courtaulds as his model of how to do on-track entertainment. But we needed results in the cars.

and we were not getting them, and I was damned certain we weren't going to get them from Lotus or Tyrrell. It so happens that Tyrrell has turned out better than we expected, but still. If we had stayed with Tyrrell, we would have had the occasional surprise point, maybe even this season a surprise win, but you can't run a business on the basis of surprises, or on the notion that you let the fellows in front of you stop so that you can nip in and win. You have to win from the front, you have to win because you always looked as if you were going to win, if you want to make yourself an image in business. And that image McLaren give. From our point of view McLaren represents many of the values that are important to the company, and important for our employees whom we are trying to bring into the future, to whom we are trying to say - the Courtaulds of the future will not be like the Courtaulds of the past, there are associations and images that are new and different.

Motor racing, then, is the lever Courtaulds as a company is using to move itself into a radically new future?

Motor racing is a magnificently interesting business because it is British based, but it not only uses a British technology and management base, it then goes and performs its tricks all over the world. Courtaulds too has a future which is very much as an international company, with a preponderance of non-UK people. We need to win hearts and minds. We need to leave some impression with the people in Brazil as well as with the people in Lancashire, and if I want my message to the guy in Brazil to

mean something then I can certainly get his attention if I put Mr Senna up as a starting point! If I tie up our customers and our employees with a Grand Prix calendar, I see a 90% fit between turnover/employees/circuits - and very few other sports could offer such a match.

How would you describe your relationship with McLaren? Is it a straight forward cash arrangement, is there technical input - what is the balance? The technical relationships we have at the moment are with Grand Prix businesses, we have an advanced materials group wanting to sell services and materials to all the Grand Prix teams and the car companies behind them. With McLaren ours is a strictly corporate identity involvement, there is no technical relationship at this stage.

The fact of the matter is that these cars are all made from materials generated in this country; our objective is to sell materials to the Grand Prix support industry which is primarily UK-based. Auto racing alone uses about 10,000 kilograms of carbon fibre per year, the bulk of it generated in Great Britain. It goes through a chain, and I have no doubt that part of it is related to us. What I am happiest about is that McLaren are a very, very professional team. I find Ron Dennis everything I would want a senior manager in a company like ours to be. If I had to put up a role model for senior managers, I would put up Ron. And I personally do not go along with all you see in the Press about McLaren - the seriousness of it all, it's not much fun at McLaren, the sarcasm running through certain sections of the media where McLaren are concerned. I don't find it that

way: I find Ron a very nice and decent guy, I find McLaren a friendly environment, but a more correct, more professional and sometimes therefore a more formal environment. I would certainly go along with what Alain Prost says from inside McLaren it looks a lot friendlier than from the outside. To a competitor or someone else, an outfit that remorselessly grinds through every step in order to get the right answer may well occasionally look less fun than the sort of intuitive seat-of-the-pants approach.

There is no single individual in McLaren who means so much to the operation he can't be done without. The Press does not like that, the Press likes the concept of the Great Leader who has put it all together. It works like that in companies too: the Press cannot cope with a Courtaulds that is not totally directed by Sir Christopher Hogg, with everything happening because he thought of it. That is not how life works, it is not how companies work, it is not how Courtaulds works. I do not want to be involved in a company with a worldwide £2.8 billion turnover and have the whole thing dependent on a single guy... Courtaulds at one stage was run by one of those great charismatic leaders called Kearton, he ran the company single-handed, the whole thing revolved around him. A superb, an outstanding man - but when such a man goes, you find holes and things appearing everywhere, and that's what Ron will not let happen. When John Barnard went - an inspirational genius - the company carried on. And now Ron doesn't allow a single individual to manage the cars' design he changes it every year and has a team of people with one design leader. Last year it was Steve Nichols, this year it's Neil Oatley, with Gordon Murray as director of it all - but no single man can say, "It was my genius that made that car". That is exactly how I would like to have a company as well. □



Opposite page: Courtaulds can be seen at the leading edge now
Major/Falka Formula

Left: The C-Mark is on the wing, in both series

Alan Sabin

BRUCE McLAREN



THE MAN BEHIND THE NAME

By Eoin S. Young

I can't remember ever hearing a bad word said about Bruce McLaren. He was one of the nice guys in an era of racing before money made nice guys harder to find in the pitlane. There was always the big smile. If there was a problem, perhaps the smile would be smaller, but it was always there. He arrived on the international racing scene at the optimum moment, a young and eager New Zealander with an engineering background and the skill and consuming desire to be a racing driver. He was the first recipient of the New Zealand Driver to Europe scholarship and with Jack Brabham's introduction he arrived at the Cooper Car Company to drive their works Formula Two car on a sort of Formula One trainee arrangement.

If Bruce did as well as Jack hoped, he would earn himself a ride as number two in the Grand Prix team in 1959, an apprentice who knew there was more to making cars go quickly than sheer skill and a measure of bravery. Like Brabham, McLaren had an engineering background which meant a lot when seat-of-the-pants engineering-racers in the latest Coopers had an enormous advantage. More McLaren advantage of time and place. The Cooper cars had only just stopped

being jokes. The "mechanical mice" had graduated when Stirling Moss won the Argentine GP in a Cooper in 1958, the year that Bruce came to England to drive in Formula Two. It was an era when Grand Prix cars had their engines in the front and they were raced by heroes, most of whom were skilled at their craft of driving but tended to leave the mechanical side to the mechanics. They didn't know what made the cars work and they didn't particularly want to know. Brabham had spotted McLaren as a talented youngster and their relationship grew beyond the business of a guaranteed sale for a year-old Cooper in the colonies.

Bruce McLaren's first season in Europe 31 years ago was quite simply sensational. The boyish bashful young New Zealander stepped straight into a factory Formula Two drive finished second in the championship and won the Formula Two section of the German Grand Prix on the Nurburgring with a performance that earned him fifth place overall on the mountain course. The following season he was backing Jack Brabham in the formula One Cooper team and it was McLaren's victory in the final Grand Prix of the season at Sebring that clinched Brabham's first world championship.

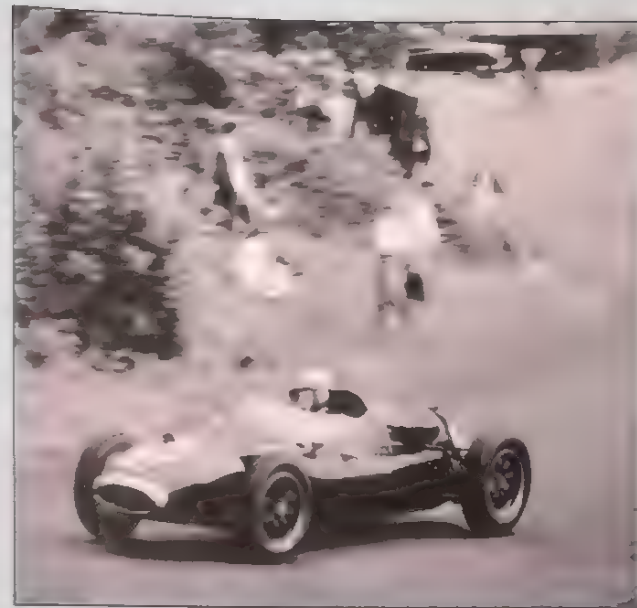
When McLaren won the United States Grand Prix at Sebring 30 years ago he was, at the age of 22 years and 104 days, the youngest ever to win a Grand Prix. He won the last Grand Prix of the fifties, the first Grand Prix of the sixties, and one of his McLaren cars driven by Denny Hulme would win the last Grand Prix of the sixties. There was always a strong measure of Kiwi pride in Bruce and his McLaren team and New Zealand mechanics were always given preference in job applications.

I made the colonial pilgrimage in 1961 and travelled the Formula Junior circuits with Denny Hulme in 1961. After covering the 1962 Tasman series Bruce asked me at Sandown Park in Melbourne after the final race if we could meet when I returned to England. I remember telling him that I couldn't afford to return to Britain and had taken a job as motoring editor of the "Hobart Mercury" in Tasmania, basking in relative stardom after flying from Luton to Tasmania with Gavin Youl and Roger Tegaskis in Brabham's single-engined Cessna 180. Bruce said he thought he would like me to be his secretary but when I asked what a secretary did, he said he wasn't quite sure but other drivers had them so would I like to be his

We made an arrangement about an air ticket and a wage and suddenly I was abandoning Hobart in favour of European Grand Prix racing. A year later and Bruce was establishing Bruce McLaren Motor Racing Ltd and I was on the letterhead as a director with Bruce and his wife Pat. I've still got my share certificate somewhere. The Cooper advantage of the late fifties faded when Colin Chapman refined the rear-engined concept and then Brabham left to start his own team. To a large extent McLaren's driving ability was then masked by his motorcar and while this is easy to say now, the question could be asked why he was unable with all his technical ability, to keep pace with development. One of the problems was that with Brabham's departure the Coopers, Pere et Fils were less anxious to let their drivers call the tune. Charles Cooper always maintained that Brabham had left the team with all their Cooper secrets when probably the reverse was true. Part of the Cooper success was due to the Brabham expertise.

McLaren had been taking his own Coopers to New Zealand and Australia for the Tasman series and doing his own development work so it was only a matter of time before he followed Brabham's lead and set up on his own. Bruce was painfully aware that Charles and John Cooper would be watching any such break away move and his first go-it-alone move was to buy Roger Penske's Zerex Special 2.7-litre Climax-engined sports-racer which had been converted from an old Formula One spaceframe Cooper. It was his ideal project. He knew more than anyone else about the Cooper chassis and the 4-cylinder Climax engine was the same as he used on the Tasman series. His major opposition was Jim Clark with the Ford V8-engined Lotus 30 and the Climax was clearly outgunned, so Bruce switched to the aluminium block Traco-tuned 4-litre F85 Oldsmobile V8. If only he had stayed with it.

In those days Traco had scouts searching scrapyards in the States to buy F85 engines to rob for parts. Only two years later when the new 3-litre formula beckoned and McLaren planned to move into Formula One with his own car, they abandoned the Oldsmobile aluminium engine that they knew so much about to chase the exotic delights of a lined-down Indy Ford 4-cam engine which offered the slender hope of wooing Ford into Formula One. Bruce was then one of Ford's GT40 project



men and he would win Le Mans with Chris Amon in 1966 but while Ford respected his abilities as an engineer, the climate was wrong for a Formula One probe. The Ford engine McLaren style was an unmitigated disaster that came close to scuppering the small team, and Brabham took the Olds mobile engine to Repco and won two world championships with it.

Bruce was always attracted to racing in the States and thoroughly enjoyed the sports car scene, to a large extent because of the money available. Bruce would say in 1967 "Do you know that this year's CanAm series in North America is offering half a million dollars in prize money? This is the biggest sum the racing world has ever seen. You could win every Formula One race and almost lose money. If you win two races in the CanAm series, you've made a profit. CanAm cars made Bruce a wealthy man and one killed him. He perfected the art of marrying a European sports-car chassis with a Chevrolet V8 engine and proceeded to dominate the North American series, quite unashamedly beating the Americans at their own game. Not just beating them, but annihilating the best the home teams could offer. At one Elkhart Lake race they established front row grid times on the first day of practice and missed the second day's session to go water skiing. Bruce was aware that the chalked

chassis layout on the Cooper workshop floor was now history and that even seat-of-the-pants engineering had been superseded and it had returned to the role of the superstar driver in a sophisticated car which would win races. The superstar was Jim Clark and the car was Colin Chapman's Lotus. Jim and Bruce were good friends and similar sort of nice-guy people in a world that was becoming increasingly coldly professional and big-business. It was ironic that Bruce should have taken Jim's place in the Ford 3L in the BOAC 1000km race at Brands Hatch when Lotus had prior call on his services to race the Formula Two car at Hockenheim. Bruce was devastated when the news came through of Jim's death. We wrote his "Auto-sport" column together and driving home that afternoon he dictated a halting, haunting tribute to Jimmy that would serve as his own two short years later.

The CanAm series was known as the Bruce and Denny Show and the two New Zealanders thoroughly enjoyed their stardom and their own knock-about company. Hulme thinks back now and says the thing he remembers most about Bruce was that he never panicked and never seemed to be angry. "He always had a way of getting his point across without shouting...something I was never able to do." Hulme's nickname in

North America was 'The Bear' because of his terminal gruffness with the press "Bruce could always sit and work things out calmly. He would say that if there was a problem there was always an answer and it was only a matter of going through a logical list of solutions before finding the right one."

It was to be expected that McLaren would build a car for the Indianapolis 500 but when it came in 1970 it was a single seater version of the CanAm car rather than an Indy version of the McLaren Formula One car. It didn't work. The special science of Indy had totally defeated Bruce and he simply had no baseline from which to work no direction to pursue because he couldn't finger what the problem was. On the way home in the plane he sat with designer Gordon Coppuck and the pair of them spent those airborne hours trying to work out why they could be so far in front of the sports car scene, with the pace in Formula One and yet so far behind at Indy.

Two days later Bruce was dead, killed in a high-speed crash at Goodwood testing the new CanAm car with a broad rear wing that generated unprecedented amounts of downforce and helped to spring a front body fastening. The huge tail lurched up, anchored at its other side, and the reverse spinnaker effect at full speed on the straight was beyond anyone's control. The car was hurled into a concrete marshal's post and Bruce was killed instantly. Denny Hulme was sure Bruce had planned to retire from Formula One that summer and concentrate his efforts on CanAm in North America.

"He liked the racing, the people and the whole scene over there and I think he might even have retired from Grand Prix racing during that summer if they could have signed someone to take his place."

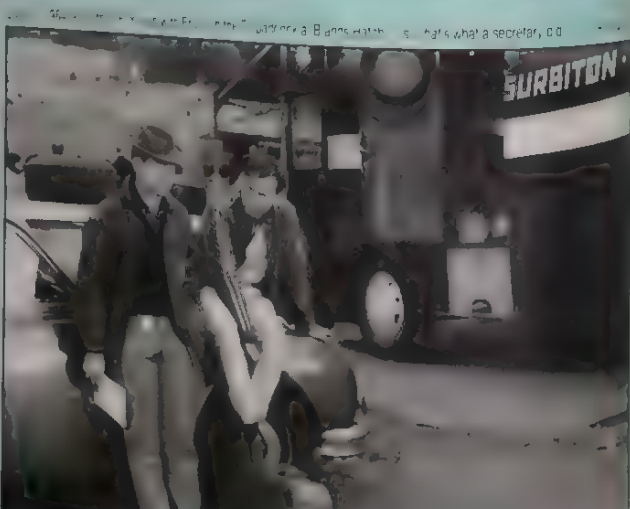
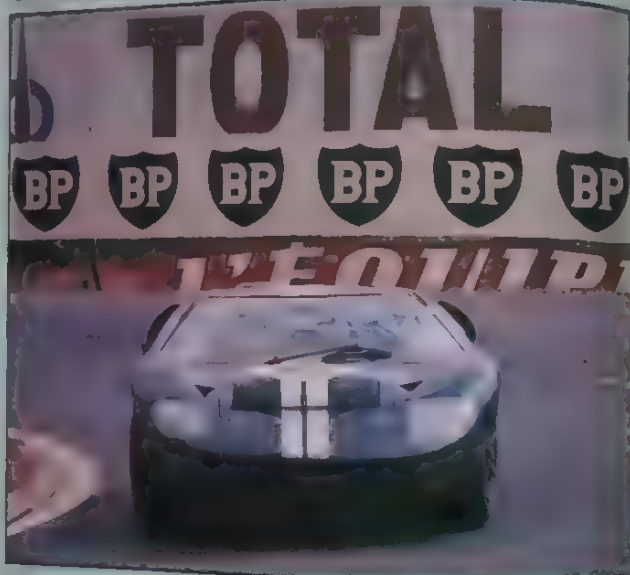
I wondered whether Bruce was being left behind by the approach of the computer era which meant that engineer-racers of his generation were about to be beached by space-age technology. Denny thinks Bruce would have had the brains to keep pace with the new era of race engineering and he disagreed strongly when I suggested that in a strange sort of way history had presented Ron Dennis with the means of making the McLaren name more dominant than Bruce had ever been able to do himself.

"In 1969 we did the season on a million dollars Shoestring stuff, and we were still winning races. With

Marlboro sort of money then it might have all been different. Ron Dennis? What was he doing when Bruce was on top? He was a mechanic underneath a Cooper. Denny's logic sometimes betrays what he means to say and this comment came out sounding like a tribute to Dennis' entrepreneurial skills at getting out from under the Cooper and to the top of the Grand Prix tree. I don't think that's what Denny meant. Motor racing was Bruce's life and it was a shame that the more difficult

years latterly tended to place pressure on him that perhaps dampened his bubbling spirits sometimes. But he was always genuine, always the Good Guy. He had won a Grand Prix in a car with his name on the nose and he had established a business with enough momentum to carry it beyond his demise and into the forefront of Formula One thirty years after he first arrived in Britain as a raw Colonial with a letter of introduction to John Cooper. And a big smile. ■

From the 1970 Le Mans victory



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OUTSIDE LOOKING IN

TOM WALKINSHAW



MAJOR TOM IN CONTROL

Tom Walkinshaw saw about as much of the British Grand Prix at Silverstone as the average spectator but his actual involvement was much greater.

As chairman of the BRDC he was responsible for initiating the improvements around the circuit - the increased seating, installation of star vision screens and raised viewing areas, but Tom Walkinshaw also has his eye on Formula One in the long term. Andy Smith caught up with the canny Scot after the event.

On Sunday July the 23rd Tom Walkinshaw was up early. Nothing unusual about that of course. It was race day after all. His Jaguars were involved in a World Sports Prototype Championship race at Brands Hatch. However, the reason for his early emergence from under the covers was not trouble with the new XJR 11 turbos but to watch on TV the British Lions complete their Australian tour with a win over the Anzac XV. 'It's been a good tour - I would have hated to have seen them go down at the end to that bunch!'

At 41 (on August the 14th) Walkinshaw still looks capable of scrumming down with the best of them. Stocky

and powerful, with a neck and shoulders so muscular that he would attract admiring glances from American Gridiron Footballers, he was surely the wrong size and shape to become a successful driver; yet, encouraged by his father - a Scottish farmer - to 'do it properly', he began racing in 1968, made Formula Three in 1970 with an ex-Fittipaldi Lotus 59 and in what he calls his 'patriotic period' drove Formula Two in 1971 for Ecurie Ecosse.

The association with Jaguar began in 1982 when he co-drove an XJS in the European Touring Car Championship, winning the title in 1984. Now he masterminds the TWR-Jaguar involvement in the WSPC and across the Atlantic in the IMSA Championship. His level of activity is such that time to think is precious. From Kidlington, just outside Oxford he runs his many business activities - all of them motor connected. Nearby he owns a thousand-acre farm - all arable. Riding round the fields on one of his horses provides real relaxation and the opportunity to plan and reflect. 'Usually it's a grand time to think of new things to do. Just whistling around the farm and suddenly 'PING'.

By Andy Smith

You think 'That's a good idea, nice to do, nobody's done that before.' It might be a different way to sell a motor car or develop a new Turbo V6 engine; there's no scope to it but once you decide to do it, it starts to happen.'

Walkinshaw has been so extraordinarily successful at everything he has turned his hand to, from racing to commerce, that he has never appeared in need of a confidence boost. Yet it was assurances from colleagues that convinced him he was on the right lines with the Silverstone improvements. It came as something of a shock to realise the man is after all human. 'I have to be honest and say that I was holding my breath up until the Grand Prix. The long term planning had all been done in my head. I saw the first stage and got some reaction back and that increased the confidence level with people saying 'That's OK, you're on the right track. You see it was all based on instinct nothing else. Thinking we'll have to do this and the people will like that. Waiting to find out if they did was nerve wracking'.

Talk to Tom Walkinshaw for any length of time and it is soon easily appreciated that he is, first and foremost, an enthusiast. He has real

affection for Silverstone, the first track he ever visited outside Scotland when as a teenager and still at school he travelled down to see his hero Jimmy Clark in action at the British Grand Prix in 1965, Clark winning just, in his Lotus Climax. Walkinshaw and friends claimed the tyres from the winning car and used them extensively later on hill climbs.

Walkinshaw's ambition is to provide the thousands of spectators who flock to Silverstone on Grand Prix day with thirteen or fourteen hours' entertainment, encouraging people to come early and stay late and not all rush for the gates at the same time, but then, the single minded Walkinshaw determination and devotion to detail has always involved the spectators. Jaguar worship reached unprecedented heights at Le Mans in 1988. The fans' desire to see the Jan Lammers, Andy Wallace and Johnny Dumfries car at close quarters brought problems in the pit lane in the latter stages of the race. Walkinshaw quickly removed any threat of disruption by instructing fans to stay clear over Radio Le Mans. A team manager talking directly to the spectators? Unlikely, but true and he continued his philosophy at the Grand Prix. 'I went round and spoke to a lot of people and they were fairly positive about the modifications we'd made to the terracing and the general atmosphere with the star vision screens. It cost thousands to install those screens for the weekend but it enabled everyone to see the entire race and enjoy it. Even in between

there were replays of incidents and practice. Next year we'll be even slicker and more professional. There are obvious sensible commercial reasons why Walkinshaw is concerned that spectators at Silverstone should receive value for money, but he insists, 'The sport has been good to me in many ways and this (being in charge of the BRDC) is a chance to put something back. That's not bullshit. I've been to many tracks all over the world. I know what needs doing and what's required for the teams to function properly and what spectators want. You see you have to pay your dues and when the BRDC asked me to play a more active role I was happy to do so'.

'We need to help spectators more with better communications. Promote the use of headsets, not just to hear the race commentary but for information too. We need more lap scoring boards to keep everyone abreast of what's happening. We'll put in the same amount of roads next year and the entire place will have hard core roads and standing areas so the site won't ever again be subject to the vagaries of the weather'.

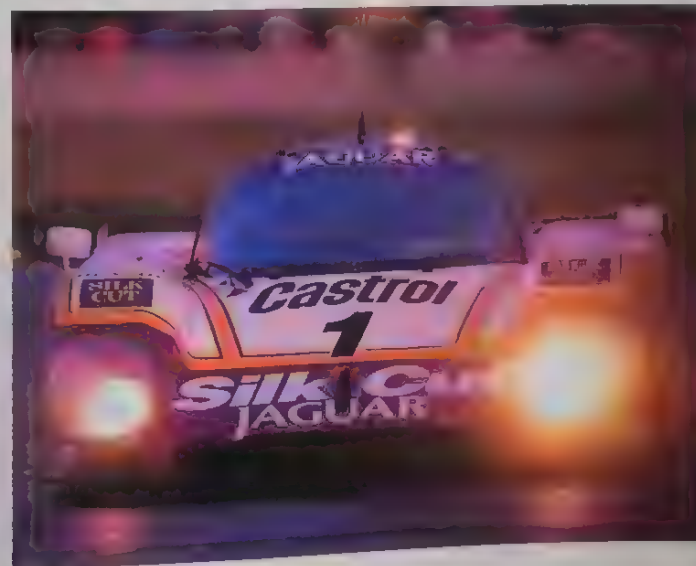
The BRDC's chairman's involvement with the Grand Prix this year has not ended yet. In between sports car races there will be a few more whistling sessions around the Oxfordshire farm with Silverstone on his mind. 'I've given our guys a few weeks to get over the race and then they have to come up with a written report and suggestions in time for our August board meeting when

we'll prioritise the next stage of modifications.'

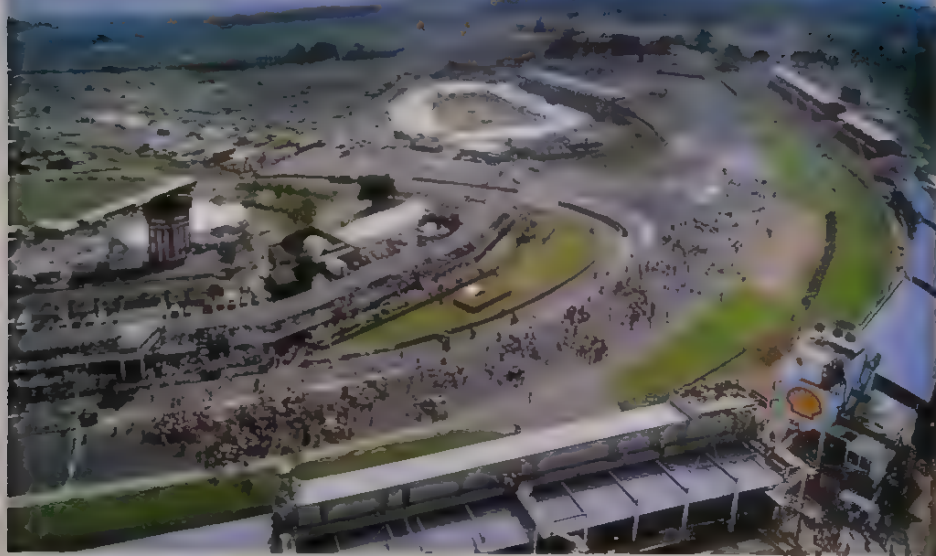
I swear the phrase slipped out naturally 'prioritise the next stage of modifications'. It arrived as easily as 'hating to go down to that bunch' when talking about the Lions. This man is equally at home behind a boardroom table or leaning on a public bar. Not Bernie Ecclestone's sort surely? A discussion between the two would make fascinating watching - the bulldog and the fox with a certain mutual respect. 'Bernie's a business man. It was his concept to award long contracts to circuits for Grands Prix so that investment can be spread over two or three years. One year isn't enough, all you'd get for that would be drabs and drabs, a new coat of paint and a bit of armco. Positive improvements require real capital. The investment in Silverstone will be massive. With a five year contract you're suddenly prepared to pay £2 million to £3 million for improvements. The cash flow means there'll be a loss over the initial term of the contract but it should all pay off eventually'.

Tom Walkinshaw, the outsider looking in on Formula One, not always objectively it must be underlined, has a great deal of contact with Formula One people. Notably some of his drivers - in the past Derek Warwick and Martin Brundle have been 'dual purpose'. Currently Patrick Tambay, and Jan Lammers have considerable Formula One experience. Walkinshaw's proximity to Formula One permits him a valued opinion of the

Opposite page: Ma or Tom (centre in jacket) at the heart of his Jaguar empire. (Glenage)



... out the big ...
... ou Walkin ...
... made Jaguar ...
... clear again



sport — it is not, in his opinion, less of a spectator sport and more a TV spectacular these days. Neither is it boring, despite McLaren's domination. 'It's a very well run organisation. Technically the cars are fascinating and the top teams do a superb job. In racing we all appreciate good craftsmanship in car design and that design being executed in a first class way — it's fantastic!'

The praise is genuine but the very fact that there is an aspect of motor sport that does not directly concern Walkinshaw must make him want to pit his undoubted wit and talent plus the expertise of his organisation against McLaren, Ferrari and Williams. Walkinshaw has been a competitor, in sport, in life since his schooldays. He will surely find it irresistible not to challenge Ron Dennis, Frank Will-

iams, Cesare Fiorio. 'Not yet, I have no plans to do Formula One at the moment, but I definitely won't rule it out for the future. I think it's incredibly demanding being at the very top of the sport and someday, maybe, I'll take a crack at it. I know exactly the way I want to do it but things just now preclude us from getting involved. We would have to clear the decks a bit because it would take a major effort to be competitive in Formula One.'

Emphasise this point. The man doesn't mean by competitive in Formula One — merely qualifying and racing and picking up a point or two a season. He means McLaren competitive. It is not difficult just to be in Formula One but that doesn't interest me at all. I think it would take two to three years to reach a decent level and I'll

never go in unless I know that we're capable of reaching that level within a reasonable time scale and I mean no more than three years.'

Stand by Formula One. When the Walkinshaw decks start being cleared prepare for takeoff, you will be in his sights. There is no doubt that if and when Tom Walkinshaw is ready for Formula One it will be done his way. Silverstone and the BRDC have already experienced his dynamism. 'They respond to me now and the way I like to do things, that's the only way it can be run. I can't change to their way, they have to change to mine. It seems to be working. I've had a very positive response'.

Aiming for the stars. This is one Major Tom who will be his own ground control. ■



WHY PROST LEFT McLAREN

BY DAVID TREMAYNE

Alain Prost was depressed in Hungary, beset by nagging doubts. Had leaving McLaren been the right thing to do, after all?

The decision itself had been hard enough to make. Rumour and counter-rumour of it had rumbled round Formula One paddocks since Monaco. In the end, Alain became sick of the 'have you, haven't you' questions fired at him after each race.

When he had finally made it public, the Friday before the French Grand Prix at Ricard, he admitted to an immense feeling of relief, but it didn't last long. It did, however, coincide with the upswing in his personal fortunes, which had seen him win in Phoenix and then take the chequered flag first in both France and Britain. Each of those successes might have swayed a lesser man, but by Silverstone Ron Dennis had already announced what everyone had expected in the wake of the Frenchman's departure: the signing of Gerhard Berger as his replacement. At his Ricard press conference, Prost was frank. 'My relationship with McLaren has always been excellent, and it has been a very difficult decision to make.'

Said Ron: 'There comes a time when you have to put friendship aside and think of the good of the team. It is necessary for me to ensure the future of McLaren.'

That meant that he was tired of Alain's prevarication. Throughout, the pair had discussed everything openly, but Ron needed an answer. Ferrari was pressuring Berger for a decision, and if Alain left, Gerhard was the man Ron wanted. What he didn't want was to find a late decision had let his choice of replacement slip away.

At that time, however, neither discounted the possibility of working together again in the future. That was taken to mean that Alain might be involved as a consultant on the forthcoming Gordon Murray-designed roadgoing GT, but by Germany the hot rumour was that Prost had been offered a deal to return to McLaren in 1991...

But why did he leave in the first place, when he didn't want to, and the team didn't want him to go? Many drivers would skirt round the issue, veiling their true reasons with platitudes and half-truths. Not Alain

Prost. The one thing you can rely on is that the Frenchman always tells the truth, and he immediately pointed to his deteriorating relationship (non-existent) with team-mate Ayrton Senna.

He is the first to concede the Brazilian's strong points. 'I think he is able to push very hard on one qualifying lap, especially on one lap. For sure he is the quickest driver over one lap. That is a big advantage. I can't do that any more.'

'The whole thing is on his side. He has the pole and, without major competition, it is then just the two of us with the same car, the same engine, the same tyres, more or less equal. His poles help him a lot, but he really deserves them'.

It was because of Senna that he had lost motivation at the time of his decision. 'It is more because of him than any situation in the team,' he said. 'I didn't like what was happening. I am much happier testing alone, because that's the way I enjoy it. But on race weekends, it's awful. McLaren was my family and we tried to build a very good ambience. From the outside it can look very rigid, but



Side by side but poles apart: Prost (left), and Senna

inside it was really very nice. But when I made my decision it was not good, so I didn't enjoy it. To me, the first target in motor racing has always been to enjoy it."

What really upset him, however, was Imola, when the Brazilian did not, as he saw it, keep his part of a deal they had struck at Ayrton's behest.

"Something was broken in Imola. We had some trouble in Estoril last year, but it was normal. Estoril is not a problem. I know his character; when you have one or two problems with him, you know, you wait and see. He proposed the idea about not arguing over the first corner. Then he denied ever saying it. Luckily for me somebody else was there."

Immediately after the race, the livid Frenchman departed, refusing to speak with anyone. His actions earned him a \$5,000 fine for missing the post-race conference, but to him it was worth it. The nature of his parting brought Gilles Villeneuve's disgust to mind after the 1982 San Marino Grand Prix, and Alain was the first to recognise it.

"I thought it better not to talk, you know? I had to think. What do you do in that kind of situation? You can hit him..."

He broke off to laugh as he made the statement, aware how incongruous it sounded coming from him.

"But no, that might be the right solution. I'm not joking. I mean that could be best because then we could come back friends maybe. Later sometimes it's a question between men."

He didn't hit Senna though. Instead, he called Dennis the following day, and the two discussed the matter deeply. Alain told Ron he needed three days to think things out, that

he was seriously considering retiring for the rest of the year.

"Because I remember the story of Gilles and Didier. Because I remember too much. I was close friends with Didier and even more with Gilles just before the end. And I remember very well. Gilles called me the week before he died. He was very, very angry about Didier. He couldn't believe it. When he had his accident, I was absolutely sure what had happened. It was unbelievable."

"I said to Ron, I know this situation and I'm not going to react the same, but then I felt so bad, felt so demotivated, that I said what do you want me to do? I'll stop at the end of the year and start again next year. It's up to you."

He nearly did, too, but in the end the lure of racing was too strong, even if ultimately it meant leaving McLaren. As well as on the personal front, he admits he has become demotivated at times by the effect Senna has had on his own position within the team. He is regarded as a McLaren driver who has a Honda engine, whereas Senna is seen more as a Honda driver with a McLaren chassis. It's an interesting juxtaposition.

Earlier in the season, prior to Phoenix, Alain genuinely felt that his car was not always the equal of Ayrton's, and his uncompromising comments on the matter in the specialist press raised a furore that had only really abated by Hockenheim. What really sparked things off was the case with which Senna passed him in Mexico, even though he had fresher tyres.

"It is difficult to compare engines, because Honda provides different specifications for different circuits. But looking at the charts I could see

there was a difference there. It wasn't done on purpose, but I just wanted to understand. For sure the way I drive is very different to the way Ayrton drives, but in a race like the Mexico I don't understand."

"Honda tried to tell me the difference we could all see in the chart was my driving style. But I can't accept that. 'I had softer tyres and for sure I was a bit faster than him everywhere in the first part. When you are behind a car like that you can feel you're quicker on the chassis side, so you know exactly what any difference can be down to. On the third lap I was quicker than him in the fast corner, Peralta' — he is honest enough to admit that was partly down to his different choice of tyres — 'and I was right behind him. I was absolutely sure on the long straight that I would be able to overtake. And



When the chips are down: Honda's technicians hard at work

there was absolutely no gain for me! Then when I stopped for tyres and was on a fresh set, he came up behind me and just overtook. Poo! I was at least as quick as him on the fast corner, but he just overtook!"

He pointed out other situations, such as being used as the guinea pig for untested spark plugs at Monza the previous year, or how his fuel economy was suddenly way off in Japan, where Senna clinched his title. Other drivers, such as Keke Rosberg and Nigel Mansell, nod knowingly whenever such subjects are raised. Prost, like them, feels he knows exactly where the difference lay.

"I know the engines are the same. Exactly the same. But it is the management chips which are different." That went down like a lead balloon with Honda when it first appeared in print, and he was summoned to go through the copy in *Motoring News* and *Autosport* line by line. Effectively, he was being given a let-out, a chance to say he had been misquoted. Prost being Prost, he pointed out that he had been quoted precisely and accurately.

Osamu Goto, the head of Honda's Formula One project, was sufficiently animated by the whole business to

take the time to speak to both publications in an effort to clear up the matter.

"Driving style can be a major influence, and our graphs suggest Ayrton spends longer at higher revs, which is why Prost had an advantage in 1988. Our engines are virtually the same, and there has never been more than 5bhp difference in any we have had on the test bench. Usually the difference is 2bhp."

"At the beginning of the year, arising out of the test at Jerez in February, Prost preferred to alter the driveability of his engine at the bottom end, so we used a different chip that he knew all about. It richened his mixture slightly to improve pick-up, because he needs that with his straightforward style of accelerating smoothly. Ayrton didn't need that, because of his throttle-blipping style in corners which keeps the revs up and keeps the engine out of that period in which the driveability is not so good."

"In 1988, Prost's more economical style meant he could use more boost, but the regulations changed completely in 1989, so there is now no fuel restriction. The drivers haven't changed their style, though. Ayrton still uses higher revs, and this is why Prost still has better fuel economy, but this year he cannot use that to turn up the boost."



How long will Berger smile as Senna's new teammate?

"We explained this to Prost after Mexico and he understands now. He has to use the engine harder than he did, like Ayrton does."

Ayrton and Prost. It was an interesting, subconscious, use of their names. At Hockenheim, Ron Dennis also

made input into the Great Debate, coming down firmly on the side of Honda and agreeing with its suggestion that Alain Prost, former double World Champion and victor of 38 Grands Prix (29 of them for his team) didn't know when to change gear. It was quite extraordinary. And where Prost firmly believed he was right in criticising his set-up in Mexico, there was no question that both Honda and Dennis also believed their viewpoint was correct. But did Alain accept that he was wrong?

Typically, he didn't wish to exacerbate the problem, feeling he had made his point and that things had improved since. Indeed, both drivers have used the same EPROMs (as Dennis insists they be called) since Phoenix. However, he had analysed the thing from every angle and had one remaining doubt. "After Phoenix I tested at Ricard when Ayrton was absent, and found a big advantage on fuel. My engine was working very well." He is adamant that he used a chip, sorry EPROM, there that he had never heard of before, which Senna had been using all year.

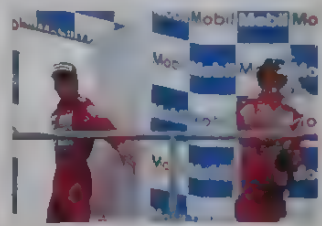
"In a private test it is no problem and for sure everyone wants to do the best. Often I feel Honda wants to support me a lot. Sometimes. Not all the time..."

What worried him, he said, was what might have happened had he not done that test on his own and not found out about that different chip. Goto feels that the situation has at least improved internal communication within the McLaren team, believing that before it came into the open the driver (Prost) tended to talk more to the chassis engineer and not so much to the engine technicians. "We also need time to analyse all of our data. After Mexico we sent Prost's engine to Japan for bench tests, which proved it to have similar power to Ayrton's. It hadn't lost power during the race."

"We always accept driver input but we need to measure it against our telemetry. And we can't always give answers straight away. We need time before we can offer explanations." Since Phoenix there have been no further complaints, but Prost has been noticeably closer to Senna in qualifying and in races, and the two McLarens looked very evenly matched in Germany, when they so nearly raced nose to tail to the line.

What there does appear to have been, however, is a slight cooling in relations between Prost and Dennis. The latter was openly critical of Alain's driving technique as he went to pains to explain why Honda was

right, and pointed out how much keener Senna is to spend hours discussing minutiae with Honda's engineers. If you are cynical you might put that down simply to a desire to cement relations with the Japanese giant, but in light of his strong friendship with Alain, it was interesting. Perhaps that was the weekend when the Frenchman had just turned down the rumoured offer to race for McLaren in 1991 and 1992, after a year awaiting the expected retirement of Senna at the end of 1990, a move which might well have spelled finis to his continued relationship with a team he had come to call his family. Certainly, by Hungary he had come to admit that he had never felt so isolated within McLaren.



Putting in opposite directions

It is too soon to say whether Alain Prost has backed himself into an emotional corner and out of further World Championships. Certainly, his best bet for further victories would seem to be McLaren and Honda, the attributes of Ferrari and Williams Renault notwithstanding. One senses his outrage at being driven out of his own team by a man he detests so heartily, but the fact that he left of his own volition is a clear indication of how intolerable he found the prospect of another season as his team mate.

If Prost will miss McLaren, though, there is no doubt that McLaren will miss Prost, with the calm air he brought to the team and his ability to sort and set-up its cars. The chances of the relationship between Ayrton Senna and his aggressive new teammate Gerhard Berger already seem remote, given their respective characters, and that may well prove to be Prost's one abiding consolation. □

By Nigel Roebuck

REAR VIEW MIRROR

A bizarre weekend in the memory of Formula One. No one quite believed Bernie Ecclestone when he announced plans for a Grand Prix in Dallas, but FISA gave the race a date, and the promoters toured European capitals, holding press lunches, speaking confidently of their intentions. Little by little, we began to take it seriously, maybe it was kosher, after all.

It was the timing, everyone was agreed, was unsatisfactory, for July is one of the months when Texans get out of Texas if they can. The heat and humidity, we were warned, would be crippling. And, as the third race in four weekends, it meant an unusually lengthy North American tour. Still, undoubtedly there was an element of novelty here. JR and Sue Ellen, we were assured, would be there, presumably at someone's vast cost. The TV series was then at the height of its popularity. And the track, went the word, would be unusually quick for one through the streets.

In fact, it wasn't through the streets at all, at least not in the 'downtown' sense. Mustard a little way south of the city it wound through a park, and a pretty tatty one at that.

Everyone arrived on the Wednesday, took a look at the 2.42 miles, formed an opinion. And immediately it was clear there would be problems; the drivers weren't taken with it. Bumpy, they said, and dangerous. Where were the cranes to shift damaged cars? At a press conference they made their feelings clear, but only Nigel Mansell and Patrick Tambay seemed aware that the purpose of the get-together was to give a new town some kind of favourable impression of this strange 'furrin' world of Formula One. The rest whinged, said they shouldn't be racing in a place like this. It was a farce, etc. etc. The Dallas Times Herald came forth with an understandable headline the next morning: "Not only the engines whine".

Derek Warwick was not invited to the Marlboro-arranged conference. One of few drivers to approach the race in positive frame of mind, he was not impressed with his fellows' behaviour. "I don't understand half the people in Formula One," he said. "You look at the Indy and NASCAR people, and you see they still understand where their bread and butter's coming from — the public. Without

the public, we've had it..."

This wasn't your standard Grand Prix venue. Alboreto found that out on Thursday morning, when he toured the circuit in a borrowed Ferrari 308. "Hold it there, boy!" a large Texas State Trooper said, and Michele looked up in astonishment. "You were goin' 30 at least," the man said, and Alboreto allowed as how that was possible, but so what? "Well, there's a limit of 20 here..."

The track was quite quick, the drivers agreed, but the run-off areas were scarcely in the Texan tradition of 'biggest and best'. On Thursday afternoon there was an explanatory one-hour session, in which Warwick's Renault set the best time. But already there were concerns about the track surface...

The FISA rule book says that no circuit new to Formula One may stage a Grand Prix without first holding a race of lesser consequences — a trial run, if you wish. But street tracks are exempt from this, and in Dallas the folly of that was clear to all. By Friday afternoon the surface was breaking up, and badly so.

Was there anything Alain Prost liked about the circuit? "Yes," he said

"suddenly Detroit isn't so bad, after all... This isn't racing," he went on. "It's gambling. For a quick lap you have to be out at the right time — and the right time is when there aren't any wrecks on the track. Which isn't often. You have to miss all the walls, of course, and you have to stay exactly on a line avoiding where the surface is breaking up. I'm going into the debriefing session now, and I don't know what the hell to tell them..."

None of the usual rules applied. The men of Goodyear, Michelin and Pirelli packed away their qualifying tyres before the first timed session, already knowing them to be useless in this place. "Qualifiers?" Patrick Tambay laughed. "Forget it. Four corners maybe five, finished."

Oh, Lordy, this was a weird Grand Prix race.

Martin Brundle crashed badly that afternoon. Second to Piquet in Detroit a couple of weeks earlier, he was perhaps a little over-full of confidence in Dallas; the Tyrrell hit a concrete wall, and Martin had serious fractures to both feet. His season was over.

At the end of that first timed session the Lotuses of Mansell and de Angelis were on top, followed by Arnoux's Ferrari. And the fastest conditions were gone now. On Saturday there was further track deterioration, and this time it was Warwick who set the pace, almost equalling the Lotus times of the day before. Derek was going on two seconds quicker than anyone else on the worsening surface and had therefore logically to be considered favourite. But in these conditions who knew?

Late on Saturday afternoon a 50-lap CarAm race was scheduled, and in the circumstances the organisers' best plan would have been to cancel it. Inordinately tedious in itself, it also served to chew up what little remained of the racing surface. Heavy 5-litre cars are unkind to tarmac at the best of times; by the time they'd finished with Dallas Fair Park, it looked like a dirt track.

In deference to the heat, a start time of eleven o'clock had been chosen for the Grand Prix, which meant a warm-up session at seven. Jacques Laffite raised a laugh by arriving in his pyjamas, but there wasn't much else in the way of levity that morning. The warm-up, it was decided, should be scrapped to save further hurt to the circuit.

"It's unbelievable," commented Renault team manager Jean Sage after a tour of inspection. "There



are places where you can lift the asphalt with your fingers..." An over night bodge job with epoxy concrete compound proved ineffective. In the furnace heat it needed too long to cure properly. And there arose rumours that the race would be postponed by a day — maybe even cancelled altogether. This last option had the support of Lauda, Prost and Piquet.

And all the while the stands were filling up. Whatever shortcomings may have been exposed in their track, the organisers had done a fine job in selling their race to the rich and socially aware in Dallas. By late morning there were going on 90,000 people in the place; Bernie Ecclestone should dream of such figures for an American Grand Prix in Detroit or Phoenix.

Most of the drivers stood around and moaned, bucking up only when the Ewings toured the pits. But Warwick and Mansell, at least, were cheerful; and so also, in a world-weary kind of way, was Rosberg.

Just as Stirling Moss used to rub his hands at the onset of rain before a race, so Keke was in the Dallas heat. While the rest sought water and ice and umbrellas, he sat there on the pit wall, apparently soaking up the sun, as if at his villa in Ibiza.

And he chuckled at the politics and ranting around him. "You can stop a race after two laps, you know," he mused, "and award half-points. So maybe they'll stop it after three. Can you imagine those three laps? Every one on qualifiers, with full boost..." Was there a feeling among the drivers, asked a local with a keen grasp of the situation, that they didn't want to race?

"We don't want to break bones," replied Rosberg, ever to the point. "I don't know what the feeling is among the drivers, but everyone worries about pain..."

"It's crazy to race, but what are you going to do? There's a huge crowd out there, and 28 countries waiting for TV. There's no point in blaming anyone here in Dallas — this is FISA's fault for waiving the rule about new circuits having a try-out race before a Grand Prix. And where are the FISA people? Not here, because it's too bloody hot for them."

"This sort of situation degrades Grand Prix racing, right? But we'll just have to bite the bullet. In the end, we're all whores, aren't we? If the money's right, we'll turn up and do our stuff for anyone. Of course there'll be a race."

And there was. Not only that, there



Pavanello Ghinzani, then as now an unsinkable driver, scoring the only two points of his life

(Apostrophe)

was far and away the most exciting race of the 1984 season. "Look at them," grinned a spectating John Watson, as Mansell, de Angelis, Warwick, Senna and the rest stampeded by. "Show them a green light, and they can't help themselves."

Senna. Ah yes. This was Ayrton's first Grand Prix season, a time when he brimmed with outward enthusiasm, smiled a lot; a time before reclusiveness took hold of him. His Toleman was probably the best-handling car in the race, but he blew his chances by spinning on the second lap, which meant a stop for new tyres, and with the same result.

Much later Senna retired with a broken driveshaft, after which it transpired he had driven most of the

way without belts. "They were so tight," he said, "that my legs were going numb. I preferred to unfasten the belts, take a chance." It was indeed a chance on this, a day when accidents were so much on the cards.

Mansell led for a long way, his major opposition coming from Warwick, who spun into the wall while trying to take the lead, and Rosberg. A dejected Derek walked in to face the wrath of the Renault personnel, but they made him feel even worse by saying nothing! "Then Rhonda arrived," he smiled, "and she had things to say, all right..."

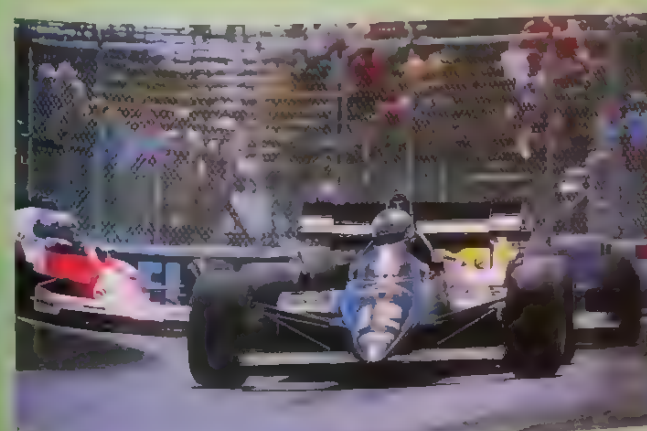
Rosberg, too, chiefly about Mansell's driving tactics. The Lotus driver, he felt, was using blocking moves to an outrageous degree, and later he made

Ten-gallon hat for the Texas lone star

Anglo-American



Piquet's first Grand Prix. A now well-known driver



Texas traffic. Mansell's Lotus at the head of the parade

his feelings publicly clear. Not until lap 36 did he get by, after which Mansell went in for new tyres.

So Rosberg now led, in atrocious conditions, and in the most unwieldy car in Texas. This was the Williams FW09, Patrick Head's least distinguished Formula One car, and it was powered by Honda's early F2-based turbo V6, whose power delivery, Keke said, was like a light switch: on or off. If ever a car were destined for the wall, it was this one.

Rosberg, though, was the great improviser, the freethand artist, the man who adapted perhaps better than anyone. He made no mistakes worth the name, but he couldn't long resist the stealthy advances of M. Prost and the McLaren-TAG. Alain went by on lap 49, and began to pull away — until, incredibly, he stuck it in the fence. He was sad-faced as he walked back to the pits, at season's end he would be sadder still. Nine points that day — any points that day — would have given him the World Championship. Five minutes later Lauda, running third, also crashed. So did eleven others that day.

Not Rosberg though, who now found himself with a comfortable lead. But if the race had another star it was surely Arnoux. He had qualified fourth, but at the start of the parade lap the Ferrari refused to fire up, which meant that Rene started from the back. He passed six cars on the opening lap, drove flat out on this chaotic afternoon, never so much as clipped a wall, and finished a remarkable second.

The closing laps were quiet, metaphorically and also literally, for hardly any cars remained on the circuit. Ghinzani's ancient Osella, for example, finished fifth.

The dramatic finale was provided by Mansell, whose gearless Lotus expired near the end of the lap. Nigel, already completely spent, climbed out and began to push. Just short of the line he collapsed by the side of the car, classified sixth. All that for a single point.

Rosberg looked remarkably fresh as he kissed Sue-Ellen, accepted his trophy. How so, Keke? "Well, I had a cool hat under my helmet..." No one else bothered with one. Cool in the wranglings of the morning, cool when it mattered, in the race. This was probably the greatest drive of his life. He won the one and only Dallas Grand Prix. Formula One, sadly, never went back. ■

THE JOURNAL OF THE



STRAIGHT LINES

THE DEREK WARWICK COLUMN

Writing on the eve of the Belgian Grand Prix, I can't tell you how much I was looking forward to getting back to a track the drivers all enjoy. After the flat-out fight at Silverstone and the relative dullness of Hockenheim and the Hungaroring, that historic Spa-Francorchamps track in the magnificent Ardennes scenery comes as a breath of fresh air to us all. Having missed the French Grand Prix in the aftermath of my karting accident — broke and cracked bones in my back, lost a pint of blood internally — I was glad to be back in harness for Silverstone — in fact being in harness in the cockpit of my USE&G Arrows was the comfiest position I could find at the time! Actually my recovery was helped not only by the excellent staff at the Jersey General, but also by the fact that I am a professional sportsman. One of the steps I took to speed up my return was to go to Lilleshall for intensive physiotherapy, where I mixed with a number of other top sports people who all felt the same as I did — let's get back to performing as quickly as we can. That's the difference, I think, between us and, if you like, the 'ordinary person': we are geared to performing at peak level, and anything that comes between us and what we do has to be got out of the way as quickly as we can manage.



A more pleasant occurrence on the eve of Silverstone was, as we said in our last column, the opening of the new Arrows Grand Prix International facility at Milton Keynes. I can't tell you how much it means to the team. Not that the effects will be immediate, I think we'll need to wait until the

end of the year before we start to see the full benefits and the team is completely installed. These days, as you're probably aware, you are talking in the region of \$10 million, \$15 million, even \$20 million for the running of a top-flight Formula One team; taking people to our previous facility was, quite frankly, an embarrassment, because the old factory does not reflect that level of commitment. The team was not working as efficiently as it should be, either, so they had to come up with something good — and I believe this is genuinely an investment for the future, it shows exactly what Arrows' commitment is to a booming sport in which the team wants to be a front-runner. We shall have a 40% scale wind tunnel in the old building, one of the items no truly modern Grand Prix team can be without, so we're not just talking about some farm building with partitions in it here: this is Formula One business at its most serious. Back to that Silverstone race: I suppose I was a little uncomfortable still — but not half as ill at ease as my car seemed! We hadn't really done any mileage in Silverstone tyre testing, and we paid the price as Eddie Cheever and I groped for a balance on our race cars. Although I eventually managed to be classified



ninth, it was a long, hard weekend starting a long way back and not having too much steam, Silverstone is not the sort of circuit that makes it any easier to catch up.

The plan was to put in a lot of work prior to Hockenheim, but little did I realise what was in store! In two days' testing — a bit of a bonus for us at USE&G Arrows in recent times — I hammered round Hockenheim for the equivalent of four Grands Prix; we may not have been super-competitive in the list of times, but it was really useful to get in that amount of running and sort out some of the problems that had been niggling at our performance. Dreadful circuit from a driver's point of view, mind you: firstly the car has to be set up with very little downforce, a configuration which seems to be causing the Arrows A11 a particular problem, and it made the car extremely nervous to drive — to say nothing of the driver! Not much grip there either, the car's a bit skatey, and if you want to go quickly you simply have to sacrifice smoothness — one of a driver's most important qualities — and clobber a few chicanes, using the kerbs hard on the exit from the corners. That's a shame, because to me that just isn't driving. Still, nobody said it was going to be easy. Misfires in practice, never got in a time, really: result was I started the German Grand Prix from 17th slot on the grid. And yet I just had this feeling that I would end up with a point despite all the travails, and as it turned out my car worked pretty

well in the race itself. One good thing about starting from far back is that you can wind up for a good run at people, and I stormed past four cars on the opening lap, among them the two Brabhams and Gugelmin's March. We had planned a pit stop for lap 15 of the 45, but that went west when my clutch expired — I'd never have been able to get back out again. So for two-thirds of the race life was hard for my gearbox and me, really unsettling the car. And 10 laps from the end I lost all my instruments — didn't want to know how much fuel I had left anyway! As you can imagine, then, I was more than usually proud of that single point, not least of all because it marked — or at least so we all hoped — a change in fortunes for USE&G Arrows. Hockenheim, too, is the place where traditionally the talk of contracts for the following season starts in earnest, so naturally all of the drivers are keen to do well; I don't mind all the speculation, the rumours that fly around — in fact I like to add my little tuppenceworth just to confuse matters! Before going down to Hockenheim, and then again before heading for the Hungaroring, I had a couple of rather different experiences away from the track which all help add variety and enjoyment to a life style that could easily get bogged down in aeroplanes, hotels and pounding round race tracks. In July I went up to Harrogate to take part in a business seminar organised by Digital. You know the sort of thing: some- thing like 700 delegates in heavy

session, and to lighten things up a little they ask celebrities along to talk about their particular sport. Now they knew Derek Warwick was going to make a guest appearance — but what they didn't expect was that I would come into the hall in my Arrows and drive it right up to the foot of the stage! And of course I'd made sure the engine was tweaked so that I was pulling 10,000 revs, so there were all those people peacefully contemplating the finer points of business practice when in rolls an ear-splitting Grand Prix car! We went on to do a little presentation with the BBC's John Humphreys, with videos and discussion, and I spent about 40 minutes up there having a whale of a time. Talking about whales leads me nicely on to matters nautical — and that was the other great thrill I enjoyed ahead of Hungary. On the Wednesday before departure for Budapest, I was invited to Guernsey to be driven in, then drive myself, a Class 1 offshore powerboat — and it was fantastic! It was all part of the build-up to the Guernsey Offshore Powerboat Week in September, and I was lucky enough to go out with Steve Curtis, who was not only World Champion in 1987 but is also an extremely nice guy. We had Southern TV, Channel TV, all sorts of radio stations, the nationals — so of course we had to take some journalists out, do a few passes for the cameras, and so on. Steve had been asked to take it easy, in view of the tender Warwick back, the danger, and what have you, but of course



asking any kind of racing driver to go slow is like talking to a brick wall — especially when you're talking two inboard Jaguars, 5.8 litres, total output near 1800 bhp! After the first run we were straight up to about 75 mph, with 50 feet of boat lifting clean out of the water as we went against the waves. Incredible!

Then it was my turn to drive, and I was astonished by the sensitivity of the steering. You had to treat that wheel like eggs, turn it ever so gently, because if you overdo it the thing really bites in and you've got every chance of barrel rolling, which didn't seem like too good an idea. Right at the end the boat's owner said we could go for a quick run. Quick? Just under the ton, and an experience to match anything I've had in recent years. That was my first taste of powerboats, and now I can't wait to get out there again.

Next time Steve's going to take me out in his pukka boat, which has a lot more horsepower, Lamborghini engines, and is three years younger. And never a twinge in the Warwick back

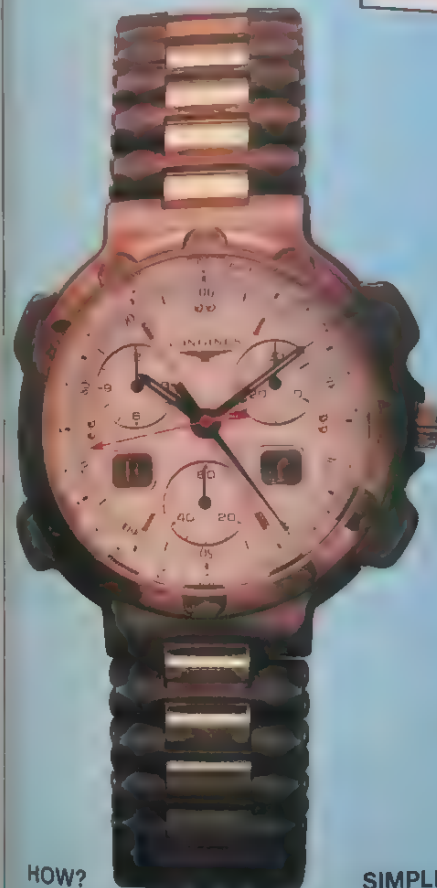
Down to earth — literally — for Budapest. Now this may be one of my favourite cities, but the track most certainly is not. And it was a trying start to the weekend: looking for the right set-up on the spare, broken gearbox on the first lap I tried in my race car, had to qualify the spare... Next day we reverted to my race A11 and things were fine, culminating with a grid position in the top ten, while Eddie was 16th. Mind you, Sunday morning warm-up was exactly that — the fuel tank split, soaked me in petrol and I had a very uncomfortable session with the nether regions suffering as you may recall they did in Monaco. I was ready for a long, hard race and hadn't planned a stop, but the handling went awry at the rear end and I came in after 32 laps for tyres — only to discover the problem was a loose wheel nut. Once I got back out there, the car was really flying and I was able to run comfortably with the leading group. So if we hadn't had that impromptu stop, who knows what the car would have been capable of? Still, with Eddie in the points after a

fine drive, it was another good result for the team as a whole, and we looked as if we had finally set that spell of rotten luck behind us. And Spa was on the horizon...■



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HOW?

In this, the 2nd round of the 'Ultimate Grand Prix Quiz' all you have to do is send your answers to the address below by the date shown and if you are correct you will:

- receive the poster
- be entered for the prize draw for the superb Williams-Renault clothing
- if you have submitted correct answers to round one (published in Vol. 3 No. 4) and answer the set below correctly, your name will be carried forward to the third and final stage of the competition for the Longines watch worth £975!

As we omitted a closing date for round one in the last issue of *Prix Editions International* we have extended the closing date to Friday, 29th September. If you have not sent in your entry for round one, please do so as soon as possible.

Apology

We apologise to Longines. The prize watch currently has a retail price of £975 and not £700 as indicated last month.

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To reach us by 13th October 1989 at the latest

Congratulations to A. Garston of Higher Kinnerton, Cheshire, who won a fabulous Williams-Renault travel jacket and polo shirt with the following 10 correct answers to the picture quiz in PEI Vol. 3 No. 3

1. Stefan Johansson.
2. Nelson Piquet.
3. Herbie Blash.
4. Gerhard Berger.
5. Jody Scheckter.
6. Peter Collins.
7. Ayrton Senna.
8. Johnny Herbert.
9. Nicola Larini.
10. S. ...

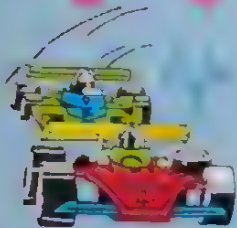
SIMPLE?

(not quite so simple this time!)

Round 2

1. Who came second in the first ever Adelaide Grand Prix in 1985?
2. For which team did Piercarlo Ghinzani make his debut in 1981?
3. Ayrton Senna has a suffix to his surname. What is it?
4. Stefan Johansson has never won a Grand Prix. What is the highest he has been placed?
5. In which year did the AGS team make its first Grand Prix appearance?
6. Which driver can be found on the 1989 Benetton?
7. Which two drivers finished with just half a point between them in the 1984 World Drivers' Championship?
8. What do the initials TAG stand for?
9. What is Clay Regazzoni's nationality?
10. In what year did Jonathan Palmer make his Grand Prix debut?

PITFALLS



What would make a driver run for 45 minutes before a breakfast of a bowl of cornflakes? Have nothing for lunch except three pieces of fruit? Spend 30 hard minutes on the exercise bicycle before a salad for supper? And drink nothing but water all day? Why, \$5,000, of course. Mauricio Gugelmin and Eddie Cheever had a \$5,000 bet on who would lose more weight between Brazil and Germany. A week before the German Grand Prix, Gugelmin went on the above crash diet and exercise programme and lost four kilos. Gugelmin weighed in at 76 kilos, while Cheever was unchanged at 79 kilos.



Surely Gerhard couldn't be looking like that at fans like these!

During qualifying for the German Grand Prix Christian Danner asked his mechanics to give him a different sixth gear ratio. Rival team owner Gunter Schmid, however, said sixth gear would only be changed if Danner wrote out a cheque to cover the cost of rebuilding the engine if it broke. Danner did not write the cheque. He also did not get his new sixth gear. And he failed to qualify.



Well, how would you cope with getting into a Grand Prix car dressed like that?



We know tracks like Hockenheim, where this picture was taken, can be hard on race rubber — but did former World Champion James Hunt really walk that quickly?



No comment...

F1 knives out for friendly use only: by Palmer, Piquet, Alesi and Nakajima



Until the call from Tyrrell for the Belgian Grand Prix Johnny Herbert was out of a Formula One racing cockpit, even at his home race at Silverstone. But as our picture shows, he was kept hard at work signing autographs — so much so, in fact, that he needed an extra pair of hands! The spare set actually belong to English Formula 2000 driver Perry McCarthy, never one to miss the chance of a laugh.



Great concern was expressed in Budapest when, on the Sunday morning of the Hungarian Grand Prix, it was reported that Murray Walker, the BBC's voice of Formula One racing, had been taken ill the previous evening. Heartfelt relief all round, then, when Murray turned up in time for warm up. "A nasty attack of bronchitis", he explained, "which left me almost unable to breathe. Fortunately a doctor arrived who was able to make the right diagnosis and take the right action. Mind you, I flinched a little when an expert from one of the State Institutions for I know not what informed me he would effect a cure by giving me a massive injection of multi-vitamins and other magical things. Not likely, I thought, right as rain for Hungary, maybe. dull as ditchwater in time for Spa in two weeks later!" Good to know the reflexes were not impaired.



Arrows going green?



THE PRIX EDITIONS INTERNATIONAL SUBSCRIBERS CLUB

As stated in the last issue of *Prix Editions International* we are delighted to announce a new club for subscribers to the magazine. The aim quite simply is to offer a range of goods to you to enhance the value of your subscription. During the year we will be offering a wide variety of motor racing merchandise either at special prices or exclusively to Club members.

HOW DOES IT WORK?

Existing subscribers automatically become Club members. Each subscriber will be issued with a number. All you have to do when ordering items in the range is quote your name and address, and you will enjoy all the benefits. In due course, existing and new subscribers will be issued with a number to facilitate order processing.

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Full details of how to become a subscriber to *Prix Editions International* magazine are to be found at the back of this issue.

All prices quoted include postage, packing in the UK and VAT (where appropriate). Overseas orders are subject to small surcharges — for information see order form.



'Street Fighter'
Martin Brundle, Brabham, Monaco 1989

A LIMITED EDITION EXCLUSIVE! TO CLUB MEMBERS ONLY

This special print commemorating Martin Brundle's return to Grand Prix racing, and his fantastic drive at Monaco 1989, has been commissioned by *Prix Editions International* exclusively for subscribers to the magazine. Only 250 are available, each signed and numbered by the artist Simon Ward and Martin Brundle, and they are available either framed or unframed.

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Foreword by FRANK WILLIAMS

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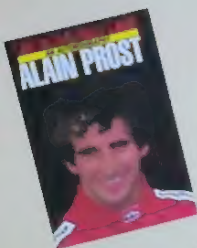
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SPEED READING

GILLES VILLENEUVE:
The Life of the Legendary Racing
Driver by Gerald Donaldson.
Motor Racing Publications Ltd.
352 pages with 16 pages of colour
and monochrome photographs.
£14.95

Sports books are usually long on sentiment and short on genuine emotion, especially those that recount the life of some premature and often immature hero whose experiences are no more than the sum of "my greatest matches". What a joy, then, to open the pages of Gerry Donaldson's clear-eyed but deeply-felt study of the little man who was, as Keke Rosberg put it, a giant among drivers. Donaldson follows the logical and chronological path through Villeneuve's life, every step of it informed by Gilles' love of speed, whether in

snowmobiles, the trailer he drove across North America in his early racing days, or at the wheel of the number 27 Ferrari with which his memory will always be associated. But Donaldson has the great good sense to present Gilles as a human being with very human failings, not least of which was the selfishness common to most racing drivers as they pursue a highly individual and very lonely calling. The book makes liberal and intelligent use of observations gleaned from people close to Villeneuve both when life was tough and when he had made it to the top, most tellingly from his wife Joann. It is painful now to recall that their marriage had been close to foundering, and that the foundation had just been laid for a new beginning when Zolder claimed his life. Donaldson's other great strength is in the study of the relationships

between Gilles and his various teammates, from Carlos Reutemann to Jody Scheckter and then, of course, to Didier Pironi, who had left Gilles feeling betrayed and belittled when the Frenchman "stole" victory in the other Ferrari at Imola two weeks before the end. There is nothing sentimental in Donaldson's account of the Zolder accident that took Gilles' life, but few sports books can ever have approached the intensity of feeling towards which Donaldson leads his reader. Scheckter's words at Villeneuve's funeral paid tribute to the fastest racing driver in history, and the most genuine man Jody had ever known. A giant of a book was needed to do this subject justice, and Gerald Donaldson should be forever proud of having produced just that.

SWS

LIFE IN THE FAST LANE:
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY by Alain
Prost with Jean-Louis Moncet,
translated by Edward John
Crockett. Stanley Paul and
Co. Ltd. 176 Pages. £12.95

This is the other eagerly-awaited book of 1989, where Formula One is concerned. Prost, after all, is another little giant of a man, though he has constructed a career full of victories and records in a way that was denied Villeneuve. Here his close friend, the respected French journalist Jean-Louis Moncet, helps "The Professor" give a warts-and-all analysis of that glittering career, from the obligatory start in karting to the pinnacle of two world

crowns, with all the usual trials and tribulations in between. Given the extraordinary talent and achievements of the book's subject, the end product leaves something to be desired, although quite what is difficult to define. Prost at the moment is a man with a great deal on his mind, and perhaps that is the key: the closing sections of the book, which ends with the final race of 1988, are all too clearly preoccupied with the growing feud between Alain and Ayrton Senna, which has now spilled over into his severance from the McLaren team of which he has always seemed such a natural part. Against normal opposition, this falteringly-written and exhaustive account of Prost's progression would have expected to sweep the boards. There

is, indeed, a great deal to enjoy, not least the obsessive pleasure Prost derives from accumulating records that seem likely to remain unsurpassed, and in the warmth of his relations with his family and others. There are, too, a large number of photographs, with two short colour sections, and a race-by-race statistical outline. But those of us for whom Prost, in his own way, is a latter day Grand Prix hero, are left expecting more on Prost the man — and then Donaldson on Villeneuve is no ordinary opposition.

SWS

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

Lotus is one of the legendary names in Grand Prix history — as 79 victories and 107 pole positions entitle it to be. The first half of 1989, however, brought troubled times to the Norfolk concern, both on and off the circuit. Can a change of management reverse the fortunes? PEI talks to the men in charge, to top driver Nelson Piquet, and to Hazel Chapman, widow of the man who made Lotus great.



(Keith Sutton)

By contrast, 1989 has seen the blossoming of a new Nigel Mansell: still an aggressive, brilliant driver, but now more relaxed out of the cockpit, seemingly unburdened by the pressure of publicity on a Ferrari driver, and proving in Hungary that with equal machinery he is the equal of any Formula One driver around. Has the getting of wisdom been an easy process?



(Keith Sutton)

In the second of our features on the boys from Brazil, Roberto Moreno comes under the spotlight. As our picture shows, his first full year in Formula One has seen the diminutive driver with a very large talent struggle with uncompetitive machinery. Moreno talks to PEI about the hazards of pre-qualifying and the way ahead.



(Sporting Pictures)

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Love him or hate him, you can't ignore him — at least, not if you're trying to overtake him! Rene Arnoux is the bane of many current drivers' lives, but people tend to forget the record of seven victories and 18 pole positions in what was once a glittering career. Have the years caught up, or is there some other reason for the decline?



(John Tomlinson)

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(Keith Sutton)

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